WHO DIES IN VIETNAM? LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT IV

THE NATION

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Panic over Panthers

Philadelphia Boomerang James Higgins

THE MILITARY RESEARCH NETWORK
MICHAEL KLARE

'The Real Majority': Myopia of the Inside Dopesters Jack Newfield

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Rue Jacob and Lubbock, Texas / Richard Howard

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LETTERS

let us pray

Milwaukee, Wis.

DEAR SIRS: Charles P. Henderson's "Richard Nixon, Theologian" [*The Nation*, Sept. 21] is both brave and wise. The substance of what he says is in this sentence: "Lacking a God, he has made patriotism his religion, the American dream his deity. . . ."

Nixon, the flag buffs and the Maddoxites—to which add the Wallaceites and Spiro Agnew—thus qualify amply for Eric Hoffer's True Believers—to be both feared and distrusted!

In the country of the blind, Nixon is King!

Earl S. Johnson, Visiting Professor
University of Wisconsin

Man Alive

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIRS: Though I am ashamed to admit it, the article on methadone by Richard O'Mara [*The Nation*, Sept. 21] taught me more about the Baltimore Man Alive program than I knew before.

Jerome D. Frank, Professor of Psychiatry
The Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine

production in Czechoslovakia

New York City

Dear Sirs: Don North wrote in his article "Prague: Nothing Is Forever" [*The Nation*, Aug. 17] that factory production in Czechoslovakia has dropped to about two-thirds of capacity "by the standards of the period before August 1968." The Bulletin of Statistics of the United Nations put the index number of industrial production at 136 in 1968, 139 in 1969 and 154 in December 1969.

Robert Major

New York City

Dear Sirs: My assessment that factory production in Czechoslovakia had dropped to "about two-thirds of capacity" since the Russian invasion was based on interviews with economists assigned to Western and European embassies in Prague and on conversations with Czech journalists and businessmen.

It was difficult to find a single reliable source for this information. Pre-invasion figures on industrial output I believe were exaggerated by the Dubcek regime to emphasize the success of the reform movement. Post-invasion estimates by both government and anti-government interests were also distorted to emphasize respective points of view. . . .

The figures Mr. Major quotes from the United Nations Bulletin of Statistics are, I understand, figures made available by the Czech Government and not gathered by objective United Nations observers.

Don North

the two Zs

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In response to Robert Byron's letter on *Z* [*The Nation*, Aug. 31], if it is his implication that the French version which he viewed in Canada was barred from the United States, then he is incorrect. For some time the French version has been playing at a neighborhood theatre in New York. This does not appear to be very effective censorship.

Apparently the producers of the film made two different versions. To state that one of these versions was earmarked for American distribution due to government censorship is a hasty and probably misformed hypothesis. It appears that Mr. Byron simply missed the original French version in the United States. . . .

Richard Lorr

EDITORIALS

The Death of Nasser

Nasser's death at any time would have been a bad augury for peace in the Middle East. Coming now, it is another serious threat to the shaky cease-fire which, signed on August 7, has only about thirty days to run. Since Nasser personally dominated the Egyptian political scene, no successor of stature is in sight and a struggle for power may ensue. The contestants can be expected to employ demagogic appeals and further inflame public passions. It has been difficult to find a point of stability in the Arab world: Nasser came closer to it than anyone else—he had, in fact, no serious rival.

Nasser's death at this juncture is likely to make Jordan still less stable. King Hussein relied on Nasser, as Nasser, to a lesser degree, relied on Hussein. The King has been lucky, wily and courageous, but his luck may be running out. His regime was and is an anachronism. Half of his subjects—so-called—are Palestinians. Between Hussein and the guerrillas there now lies, as Yasir Arafat has said, "a sea of blood"—perhaps 20,000 dead. Between the Palestinian bourgeoisie and the landless, propertyless Palestinians in the refugee camps there is the usual gap between rich and poor. The Palestinian bourgeoisie have backed Hussein for twenty years. Now, as his position grows more precarious, they may abandon him. Without them, his throne is still more insecure.

The danger of greater involvement of the superpowers and their allies is evident. The United States has agreed to replace the arms Hussein has lost and perhaps to be generous beyond mere replacement. But just how generous, and with what items, no outsider has the slightest idea. The extent of our commitment to Hussein, like other commitments of the sort, is known only in the inner circles of the Nixon Administration. If we have laid our bets on him, the odds may look different now.

Hussein turned against the guerrillas not merely out of annoyance over the airplane hijackings but because he knew his throne was endangered. He gambled on a speedy victory. His troops mauled and weakened the guerrilla forces, but he was forced to accept a compromise. Since he could not win the civil war, he lost it.

The dilemma is acute. To achieve a continuing cease-fire, not to speak of a *modus vivendi*, there must be a measure of stability in Jordan. The Israeli position is sound enough—that it is impossible to deal with "movements," particularly when there are eleven or so rebel groups. States can deal only with states. Yet in the long run some way must be found by which to deal with the Palestinians. As Geoffrey Godsell writes in *The Christian Science Monitor*, the guerrillas "are still very much there, refuse to be silenced, and are likely to remain potentially spectacular troublemakers until they are respected and taken into account—by the big powers, by Arab governments, and by Israel." They lost in world esteem, though not in Arab esteem, by the hijackings, but they have won back a measure of good will by their humane treatment of the hostages. Only when they have full responsibility of decision can they be made responsible; as long as they are treated as nuisances there will be trouble.

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An Instrument of History

Of Nasser, *The Nation* never took the position that he was Adolf Hitler or Benito Mussolini on the Nile. It was this analogy—so vivid to Sir Anthony Eden—which led the British astray. At our request, James Morris, at that time Middle East correspondent of the London *Times*, who knew Nasser well, did a portrait of him which appeared in the issue of January 12, 1957, "Nasser: Pharaoh in Shirtsleeves." The assessment stands up remarkably well; time has confirmed, we feel, Morris' perception and judgment. Some excerpts:

> Nasser is a genuine product—at once a symbol and an inspiration—of the Bandung era. He is the first powerful indigenous spokesman of the Afro-Asian resurgence. Chou En-lai's dogmas come from Russia. Nehru is a product of the British Empire. Sukarno is little more than a cipher. . . . But Nasser reflects to perfection the groping, half-grown, ill-read, eclectic nature of the Bandung philosophers. He is a through-and-through Afro-Asian; and he sees his country pre-eminently as a link between those two rumbling continents.
>
> It would be overestimating the man . . . to suppose that he has always seen himself as filling this precise role in history. He is not a man of vivid intellect, nor is he highly educated. He has progressed consistently towards his Afro-Asian ends. . . . But he has done so, perhaps, more by instinct than by thought. He is a visionary: a man whose ideas are not rigidly crystallized by experience or education, but whose horizons are limitless. His revolution has not been cast to any one previous model. . . .
>
> Only in fundamentals . . . have Nasser's policies been very consistent: for he is an instrument of history. He was born into the nationalist era; but he has reached his maturity at a time when nationalism has become inextricably confused with wider issues—with racialism, the new conflicts between Asia and the West, the older struggle between communism and democracy, with all that new restless energy that is associated with the name of Bandung. . . .
>
> Nasser once said that he is really the leader of two separate revolutions—the revolution against social misery and the revolution against imperialism. In the first months of his rule he concerned himself chiefly with the social revolution, thus capturing the loyalties of men of good will all over the world. . . . But throughout his career he has made it clear . . . that this first revolution was only the means to an end. His heart has always been in the second one —which he calls, in the jargon of the age, the revolution against imperialism. . . . He is obsessed by the idea of power; it is not prosperity that he offers his devotees, nor peace, nor even material progress, but power. . . . But I am still not convinced that Nasser is seeking power simply for himself. He is a bigger man than that. He reflects an instinctive urge for power that is welling up in the hitherto powerless

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nations, and if his aspirations are vague—frighteningly vague, in some ways—they do not seem to me to include any shoddy passion for personal self-advancement. He is a dedicated man, a man who believes in destiny and the promises of fate. His personal private life, so far as anybody knows, remains blameless. He would be a much less formidable antagonist if there could be attached to his reputation some taint of the corrupt or the megalomaniacal.

. . . It may be that Nasser, though he is now obviously serving the interests of the Kremlin, still thinks he is working simply for his own visionary ends. Or it may be that, under the insidious influence of Mr. Shepilov, he has deliberately thrown in his lot with Russia. Whichever is true, I have little doubt about three things. First, Nasser is no benevolent liberal, nor even an Egyptian Ataturk: he is a dictator playing power politics. Secondly, he is no moth-eaten Mussolini: his concepts and ambitions far transcend the aims of petty nationalism, he displays (so far) no personal power-lust, and his aspirations are not simply cheap or tinsel. Thirdly, he is *au fond* anti-Western: he sees the West, not the forces of communism, as the principal obstacle to the advance of the Bandung bloc.

Presidential Overkill

President Nixon's panicky campaign to undercut the impact of the report of his Commission on Campus Unrest is an extraordinary exercise in Presidential overkill. After all it was *his* commission; the members had been handpicked by White House aides. It was, moreover, quite evident that he had disapproved of the earlier report by Dr. Alexander Heard on the same subject. Why risk a second exposure to criticism unless he was prepared, this time, to accept it? If he wanted a report handcrafted to his own tastes and biases, he could have named the Vice President, Max Rafferty, Dr. Sidney Hook, Governor Reagan, J. Edgar Hoover and George Meany. But he appointed a very different kind of commission and would no doubt have "gone along with" the report had word not got back to him that the report would—by implication at least—be critical of his performance and the Vice President's rhetoric.

At this point the President launched his counterattacks. Selected henchmen in the Senate (Hruska, Allott) began to take pot shots at the report before it was issued. The President hastened to Kansas State to make a speech which was obviously designed to counter the forthcoming report. Then a letter was sent by the President to 900 university administrators and trustees urging them to restore "order and discipline." This insulting communiqué reached the recipients on the eve of the college fall term which, to date, has gone forward in a reasonably quiet manner.

Then Nixon set up a special briefing by J. Edgar Hoover, which produced a press release to counter the release being issued by the commission. The President then had himself photographed with Governor Scranton and promised to read the commission's report. His aides, however, made a point of saying that he would not have time to read it before leaving for Europe. As a further maneuver in the carefully planned counteroffensive, he requested an authorization for an additional 1,000 FBI personnel and new powers to investigate campus "terrorism" that the *Los Angeles Times* denounced editorially as "unwise, dangerous and unnecessary." In the wake of this "stunt," he set off for Europe before he could be questioned about the report. As a final kick in the groin the Vice President pronounced the report "unacceptable," blasting it as an apologia for violence (the very reverse of what it is) and declared that its strictures will be taken as "more pablum for . . . permissiveness."

The reason for this overheated reaction to a sensible and timely report is that what the commission had to say did not jibe with the Nixon-Agnew tactic of "running against the students." The President should insist, the commission points out, that no one play irresponsible politics with the issue of campus unrest, but that is just what the Vice President has been doing with the full approval of his boss. Let those who may be asked in the future to serve on Presidential commissions appointed by the incumbent think twice before they accept. For unless they report what the President wants, and avoid even indirect criticism of his administration, they may expect to receive the same surly treatment that is being meted out to Governor Scranton and his colleagues.

No Innocent Abroad

The White House describes the President's European trip as "symbolic." Its Mediterranean segment may have had some military symbolism, but the overwhelming objective is a quest for votes—Irish, Italian, Catholic, Middle European—since the descendants of immigrants in this country remember their origins with varying degrees of passion. The stop-off in Yugoslavia may be read in part as a signal to the Russians that an empathetic relationship may spring up between Tito and Nixon, but the Irish detour was a bald appeal for the Irish vote.

Every American President must curry votes, but rarely are they sought so clumsily. John F. Kennedy was an authentic Irish-American and engaging in a way somewhat reminiscent of his origins, but few Americans have been aware that Richard Milhous Nixon (in Ireland the middle name is spelled in various ways) had any claim to Irish ancestry. His wife (Patricia Ryan before her marriage) is in an unassailable position, and Daniel P. Moynihan was added to the party to suggest that Celtic pixieness survives in America.

Still, it was an unusually tasteless performance, even for Mr. Nixon. *The Wall Street Journal* remarked that while the "whirlwind trip" had diplomatic overtones, the President's audience with the Pope and his search for family roots in Ireland seemed directed solely at the American voter. The success of this operation is in some doubt. Gullibility is not an Irish failing, either among those who remained at home or those who came to the United States. From Dublin, Mary Holland writes in the London *Observer* that the mood there ranges from pique in governmental circles at the haste with which arrangements were made, through anxiety in the police force over the possibility of hostile demonstrations, to "cynical derision among the general population."

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Of course, once an American President visits anywhere, a considerable amount of hoopla is bound to be raised. Two Irish villages named Timahoe have vied with each other for a claim to the Milhous, Millhouse, or Milhouse ancestors. Nixon advance men, together with John D. Moore, the U.S. Ambassador to Ireland, gave the nod to the Timahoe in County Kildare, leaving the other Timahoe desolate. The victorious village is reported to be busy cleaning up the tiny Quaker graveyard where President Nixon's great-great-great-great grandfather, Thomas Millhouse, is supposedly buried. Mr. Nixon will visit the grave, which cannot be identified because of the Quaker custom of not marking gravestones. The world awaits the appropriate remarks which the President will make, either extempore or as composed for him by one of his press agents.

Let no one think that this is a small or inexpensive undertaking. The American Embassy in Dublin has a normal complement of twenty-five Americans and forty Irishmen. At latest advice, more than a hundred people are being flown in from embassies all over Europe. Their duties, according to Virgil Randolph, the First Secretary at the Embassy, are "to cover such services as communications, security, press and administration." One may surmise that of these, press is not the least important.

The Lusaka Conference

Through the ages, small countries that continued saying things of which the powerful did not approve have been called "irresponsible." Greater military power made some nations more responsible than others for world peace, just as a man going through a museum with a sledgehammer is "responsible" for the safety of the treasures. And since the powerful were "responsible," those who challenged them were automatically "irresponsible."

Yet as Prime Minister Indira Gandhi of India pointed out at the Third Nonaligned Summit Conference meeting at Lusaka, Zambia, in early September, it is the great powers that need to be restrained for the sake of peace, and it is the military regimes which run around the world enforcing their idea of "law and order" that disturb rather than guard the peace.

It is a pity that Pentagon planners of U.S. foreign policy did not sit in on the Lusaka sessions. Some speeches (like that of Foreign Minister Raúl Roa of Cuba) were shrill and exaggerated, but even these might have provided a corrective for the Pentagon's ordinary intake. Some in the Nixon Administration are said to regret the President's gesture of scorn last November 15, when he watched a football game on TV while a quarter of a million Americans demonstrated for peace outside his window. At Lusaka the "demonstrators" were representatives of sovereign nations, and lack of official U.S. interest seemed a replay of November 15: "Just ignore them." Normal press coverage before the conference could have helped redress the balance, but even *The New York Times* limited itself to an unusually tendentious piece (August 21), deploring the expense which Zambia was incurring, but saying nothing about the agenda.

The real story about the construction of the conference hall and sixty-two villas for heads of state was that President Tito of Yugoslavia, who took most of the initiative during the three years of diplomatic preparation, also threw all relevant resources of his country into a joint effort with Zambia to complete the structures in only sixteen weeks. It was a dramatic accomplishment in the face of difficult logistics, and one which will help solidify Yugoslavia's role as champion of the developing world.

Western liberals are turned off by the difficulty of defining nonalignment in specific terms. President Kaunda of Zambia put it this way: "One of the most important characteristics of nonalignment is *unity in diversity*. . . . We respect the differences in our policies. . . . What we want and what we shall strive to achieve is a common front to create an atmosphere of independent behavior in international affairs, as well as real freedom in our respective countries without outside interference."

In such a diverse group, any attempt to define nonalignment too closely would obviously inhibit growth. That there are potentialities of growth is indicated by the fact that full participants this year numbered fifty-four, as compared with forty-seven in the Second Nonaligned Summit in 1964, and twenty-five in the first summit in 1961. Four of this year's participants are Caribbean UN members: Jamaica, Guyana, Trinidad and Tobago, and Cuba. Observers were present from Barbados, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Uruguay and Venezuela, in addition to Mrs. Binh, Foreign Minister of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam, and spokesmen for African liberation movements.

The Lusaka Conference marked a swing away from the concept of nonalignment as a peacemaking balance toward the idea of a group enlisting in the worldwide struggle for justice against the powers that be. Yet this role is also compatible with peacemaking; in fact, speaking truth to power on behalf of those who dare not raise their voices is a prerequisite to any meaningful amelioration of conditions as a basis for peace. A storm is rising in the nonaligned world, and it behooves the United States to listen and reflect, and then take strong steps against, for example, South African apartheid.

It is becoming fashionable, even in some liberal circles, to say that nonalignment was all right back in the days when there were just two superpowers, but that now we have a multipolar world, the concept is outdated. That is similar to the spectacle of conservative politicians praising radical but dead heroes (as in the case of Patrice Lumumba). The aim is to satisfy radical sentiment and nostalgia while holding a hard line for present and future policy. Most of those who infer that nonalignment *used to be* all right were also very critical of Nehru's peacemaking when he was alive.

World politics is not all that different from U.S. big-city politics. The manipulators of power abhor the independent vote. They want a straight-out fight in which they can feel safer about predicting the future. But the need to appeal to the independent vote is what keeps city machines from being more corrupt and oppressive than they are. There was criticism at Lusaka of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia as well as of the war in Vietnam. Nonaligned conferences are evidence of the continuing vitality of independent voices in world politics, and as such deserve much more consistent support than they have hitherto received. It's really quite simple: peace between nations requires peacemaking nations. WILLIAM R. LLOYD, JR.

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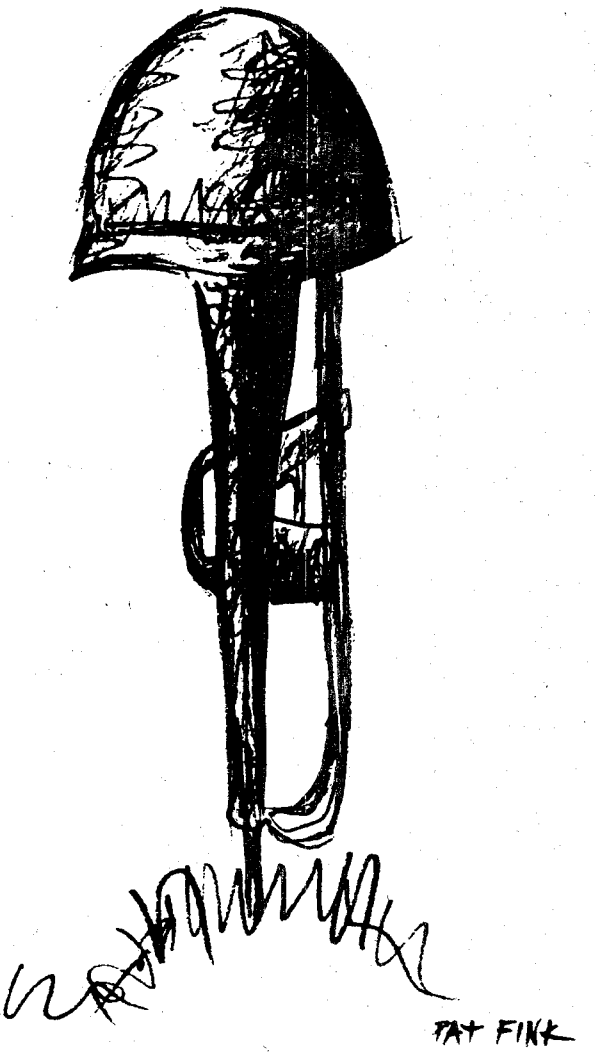
WHO DIES IN VIETNAM?

LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT IV
Mr. Truscott, a former Army lieutenant, is now a staff writer on The Village Voice *(New York).*



A recent announcement by Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird that "Guard and Reserve units . . . will be prepared to be the initial and primary source of augmentation of the active forces in any future emergency requiring a rapid and substantial expansion of the active forces," raises the question of what motives lie behind this apparently self-imposed Pentagon reordering of priorities. In making public the new reliance on reservists instead of draftees, Laird explained it as a practical approach to the realities of today's defense budget. Manpower costs are rising, he said, at the same time that defense spending is being both criticized and cut back. Reserve units can be maintained at one-half to one-sixth the cost of maintaining similar active Army units, and the Pentagon's decision to take advantage of this saving is buttressed, it seems, by the fact that the Administration is not particularly worried by the political effect of mobilizing reserve units. The Department of Defense has emphasized that the new policy would not be applied to any further crisis in Vietnam, but would be used rather in a newly developing situation, such as the present turmoil in the Middle East. Recent statements by both hawks and doves in Congress on the Middle East may suggest to the Administration that, in the case of a "popular war" (or "popular intervention"), Congressional approval on a reserve call-up would not be hard to obtain.

There are indications, however, that the Pentagon's switch from reliance on increased draft calls to reliance on a better trained and equipped reserve is not explained entirely, or primarily, by the budget squeeze. There is little evidence that, as a political issue, Vietnam has been eclipsed by the Middle East. As Nixon well knows, Vietnam has destroyed one President and could very well be waiting, semi-dormant, to destroy another. It is the place where American lives are daily being risked and lost.

The pressure behind the Pentagon decision and the Administration's attitude on it, one can then assume, comes not from "budget realities" or Congressional reaction to the Middle East. Rather, it rises from the issue which could hurt Nixon most: Vietnam and the men who are dying there. The fact that this recent Pentagon reordering of priorities deals intimately with the question of draftee usage is far more revealing than editorials on the subject have assumed.

An article in the August 15 *National Journal*, the Washington-based weekly report from the Center for Political Research, revealed that "Army draftees were killed in Vietnam last year at nearly double the rate of non-draftee enlisted men." The report is the condensation of a study prepared for the *National Journal* by the Army General Staff. (It may be found in the *Congressional Record,* August 21, 1970, P. S-13935.) Reliable sources convince me that the Army agreed to conduct the study only after the *National Journal* had engaged the Pentagon for two solid months in what was termed "negotiations." It seems that the statistics now disclosed by the Army had been guarded closely, and it is probable that they were released only after the Center for Political Research proved to the Army that it would suffer more by continuing to hide the statistics. In any case, the picture which emerged from the study speaks for itself:

"Draftees comprised 88 per cent of infantry riflemen in Vietnam last year, while first-term Regular Army men comprised 10 per cent of the riflemen."

"During 1969, Army draftees were being killed in action or wounded at the rate of 234 per 1,000. Draftee deaths were 31 per 1,000. By contrast, Army enlisted volunteers were killed or wounded at a rate of 137 per 1,000, and 17 per 1,000 died."

"Previously unavailable draftee casualty statistics reveal that over the five years in which Americans have been engaged in combat in Vietnam, draftee casualties (killed and wounded) have run 130 per 1,000 per year and non-draftee casualties have run 84 per 1,000 per year."

The report, which to my knowledge has received little if any publicity, goes on to outline in detail Pentagon

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procedures for determining draft calls and assigning enlistee and draftee duties. The Assistant Secretary of the Army for Manpower and Reserve Affairs, William K. Brehm, is quoted extensively throughout the report. "The popular jobs are the ones for which people enlist. They don't enlist for the hard-core combat skills. That is why draftees tend to populate the hard-core combat skills: 70 per cent of the infantry, armor, and artillery are draftees." Brehm, in explaining that the three-year enlistees are allowed to choose their jobs in the Army, was somewhat ruefully aware that in 1970 fewer than 3 per cent of those volunteering for service in the Army asked to serve in the infantry. "As strange as it sounds," the *National Journal* quoted Brehm as saying, "only 800 young men a month out of 200 million Americans are enlisting for combat."

It should be noted that Brehm is the Assistant Secretary of the Army for Manpower *and* Reserve Affairs. The *National Journal* quoted Director of Manpower Utilization Jonas M. Platt to the effect that the draftee policy for the Army is formulated within the Army. Those two facts, taken in the context ot the times, might indicate that, once the *National Journal* had broken the story on the draftee death rate in Vietnam, Mr. Brehm was instrumental in alerting the Administration to the need for counteracting as well as possible any latent (say, election year) criticism of Administration draftee policy.

The publication of these key draftee statistics, in conjunction with the fact that the Administration has long been aware of the class inequities of the present system, might better explain this unexpected move by the Pentagon (read: Nixon) than does a concern for economy. The possibility of the vote for 18-year-olds, coupled with Agnew's recent catering to the "workers," raises the urgency of some conciliatory gesture yet another notch. Traditionally, the sons of the upper class have filled the ranks of the Reserves and National Guard—which until now have been seen as an easy out from overseas duty—and the sons of the lower class, Agnew's "workers," have fallen to the monthly toll of the draft, and as the *National Journal* revealed, to the weekly toll of the war. □

The Military Research Network

MICHAEL KLARE

Mr. Klare, a staff member of the North American Congress on Latin America, is completing a book on counterinsurgency planning in the United States.

Opposition to university-performed military research has been a national issue since the dramatic 1968 student rebellion at Columbia University, which had been provoked, in part, by the university's sponsorship of a Pentagon think tank. Many of the campus protests, sit-ins, building occupations, strikes and bombing incidents of the past few years have been an outgrowth of the struggle against war-related research. This article examines the ways in which university life has been altered by the research priorities of the cold war, and assesses the effects of the campus movement against war research.

Until the present century, new weapons were developed by hit-or-miss experimentation, or through continuous refinement of existing devices. It is only in the past three decades that instrumentalities of warfare have emerged from organized scientific investigations, in which the talents of many researchers are pooled in the quest for novel military systems. The Manhattan Project of World War II is the prototype for all such efforts—at its peak thousands of scientists were engaged in various subtasks of the project, many without being aware of its final objective. In order to mount other large-scale research projects, the War Department found it necessary at the onset of the war to establish a network of mammoth laboratories devoted to intensive research on advanced weapons systems. Since the only reservoir of trained scientific manpower available for such work was the university community, it was inevitable that the nation's institutions of higher education be mobilized for the establishment of a military research network. Gerard Piel of *Scientific American* wrote in 1965 that during World War II,

> The universities transformed themselves into vast weapons development laboratories. Theoretical physicists became engineers, and engineers forced solutions at the frontiers of knowledge. MIT and Harvard undertook to create the strategy and tactics as well as the instruments of radar and counter-radar; from Johns Hopkins came the proximity fuse that brought the conventional high-explosive artillery shell to its peak of lethality, and Columbia, Chicago and California joined in the successful engineering and manufacture of the most fateful weapon of all.

During the war, a number of university laboratories developed into sizable institutions, employing thousands of scientists and technicians. This wartime mobilization of university resources had been undertaken on the basis of expediency, and had not been intended to outlast the war. As victory approached, however, the military services and some of the universities sought to prevent the dissolution of these installations. With the dawn of the cold war, the Pentagon found itself enjoined to "contain communism" on a front that stretched from Berlin to Seoul, and a new era of university-government cooperation commenced. The Pentagon maintained, and ultimately expanded, the military research network.

The outstanding characteristic of university warfare laboratories—the concentration of scientific personnel under conditions of relative autonomy—makes them particularly attractive to the Pentagon as performers of military research work. University research centers have grown

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in importance in direct proportion to the increasing value placed on the country's "technical intellectual resources" —the scientists and engineers whose investigations lie at the root of all technological advancement. The growing respect accorded these human resources can be detected in the concern expressed by many countries over the "brain drain," and in the efforts of aerospace companies to sell their technical intellectual capability rather than their technology.

Since there is a limited supply of this highly marketable commodity, the motivations, incentives and working conditions which determine the employment patterns of the technical work force are matters of great concern to Pentagon research administrators—who naturally seek to attract the best minds available to any given project. Studies of the attitudes of professional research personnel indicate that organizational incentives (opportunity for advancement into management) and material incentives (higher salaries) are not closely related to technological productivity. In contrast, professional incentives (e.g., allowing the individual a high degree of freedom and flexibility in choosing his own work assignments according to what he feels will be professionally challenging) are likely to be associated with higher levels of both professional and organizational productivity.

In one survey of work attitudes, research professionals indicated that they were highly motivated by the "opportunity to contribute to scientific knowledge" and by "association with other professionals of recognized ability," and were little stimulated by "membership in a company producing reputable goods and essential services." It is not hard to deduce from such data that universities provide the environment most likely to assure high technological productivity. In confirmation, Dr. Frederick Seitz, past president of the National Academy of Sciences, told a Senate committee in 1963:

> A certain fraction of the best minds find the type of freedom and flexibility peculiar to the university best suited for their work. In addition, the presence of many inquiring young minds in the formative period, particularly the research students, adds a particular freshness and vitality to research. I do not mean to say that excellent work is not done elsewhere. . . . What is important is that any program which does not take maximum advantage of the capability of the university will not advance in the most effective way possible.

Analysis along such lines has prompted the Defense Department to establish military research centers at selected universities, to enlist the help of university administrators in the creation of independent research organizations (as in the case of the Institute for Defense Analyses), and to offer financial inducements to universities that agree to adopt an existing facility (as when the University of Rochester undertook to administer the Center for Naval Analyses). Where direct university participation has not proven feasible, the Pentagon has created a network of para-universities—independent research organizations which boast a "campus-like environment" and adhere to the many rituals of academic life (the most famous example of this kind of institution is the RAND Corporation).

In its postwar determination to reconstitute the military research network, the Pentagon could count on the enthusiastic cooperation of many university scientists and administrators. The reasons were obvious enough—for the first time in American history, scientists and academicians had come to enjoy positions of considerable prestige and influence in Washington. Experiments that would have been prohibitively expensive before the war now enjoyed abundant government financing. Moreover, the establishment of large research organizations had freed many professors from conventional academic procedure and permitted them to pursue laboratory studies without being accountable to their colleagues in tradition-minded university departments. Some scientists—more interested in the application of their research to the "real world" of industry and national security than to the advancement of higher education—welcomed this development. In a 1967 Senate speech on "The War and Its Effects," Sen. J. William Fulbright commented that, "Disappointing though it is, the adherence of the professors [to the military-industrial complex] is not greatly surprising. No less than businessmen, workers, and politicians, professors like money and influence. Having traditionally been deprived of both, they have welcomed the contracts and consultantships offered by the Military Establishment."

For this combination of reasons, scores of semi-autonomous military research organizations were established by American universities. Some of these installations have come to enjoy a special relationship with the government as Federally Funded Research and Development Centers (FFRDCs). As such, they receive at least 70 per cent of their income from federal agencies, and work "under the direct monitorship of the government." According to National Science Foundation nomenclature, FFRDCs are "organizational units associated with universities and colleges whose creation and operation are not primarily related to the main function of the administering universities and colleges." FFRDCs receive a substantial portion of the federal research-and-development (R&D) funds available to the university community: in fiscal 1968 (the last year for which such data are available), university-administered FFRDCs received $945 million from the government, compared with the $1,416 million awarded directly to the universities for R&D activities.

Even when not recognized as FFRDCs, campus research centers can be found at most universities. In the main, these institutions work on military and space "hardware" —the mechanical equipment needed to outfit an army or launch a space vehicle. Increasingly, however, they are devoting themselves to developing "software" systems—the mathematical and analytical models used in systems analysis, operations research and related methodologies. Research centers have contributed substantially to the development of military software systems, and many of them—particularly the para-universities like RAND and IDA—have become noted for this kind of work. University social scientists, foreign area specialists and educational researchers also found it profitable to establish autonomous research centers when the R&D budgets of nonmilitary federal agencies exploded in the 1960s.

As cold-war defense appropriations soared, ambitious researchers—many of them associated with the Defense Department as consultants—could get impressive contracts from the government. Most of these went to semi-autonomous research centers like Michigan's Wil-

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low Run Laboratory and the Cornell Aeronautical Lab., which could meet the Pentagon's strict security requirements. Today, some of these organizations enjoy the budget and facilities of a large university. The University of California, for instance, operates the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory and the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory—installations which have a combined staff of 11,850 scientists, technicians and support personnel, and an annual operating budget, in 1968, of $288 million (an amount that exceeds most state budgets for higher education). Many of the scientists associated with these institutions have been able to augment their incomes by setting up defense-oriented "spin-off" companies which market the products developed in university laboratories.

In fact, as one penetrates further into the military research network, the distinction between academic and nonacademic functions tends to disappear. The trustee or administrator of a university research institute is more often than not the executive of a spin-off company located in the nearby industrial park, and at the same time a consultant to the Pentagon bureau which monitors contracts in his field of research; RAND, IDA and the other independent "think-tanks" often act as middlemen in these consortia. With such a system, the government can buy top scientific talent while bypassing low civil service salaries and avoiding accountability to Congress. Defense industry corporations, whose executives often dominate the boards of trustees of the research institutes and think-tanks, gain access to classified information and have the opportunity to "evaluate objectively" the projects they are trying to sell to the government. The universities, in return for their participation in the consortia, receive for their professors large research contracts and lucrative consulting fees. Examples of this arrangement can be found in most university communities, and are especially prevalent at the large research-oriented campuses like MIT, Stanford and Johns Hopkins.

In the summer of 1965, a subcommittee of the House Committee on Government Operations held a series of hearings on "Conflicts Between the Federal Research Programs and the Nation's Goals for Higher Education." The committee subsequently issued a report to the Congress in which it was argued that, "While both research and higher education share the common goals of extending scholarship and developing the intellectual resources of the nation, *the immediate interests of one are not necessarily those of the other.*" [Emphasis added.] Federal research programs, the committee explained, are designed to advance the nation's technological capabilities—particularly in the areas of defense, atomic energy and space—while goals for higher education call for as many Americans as possible—regardless of race, nationality or income—to obtain a college education. From the testimony and reports it examined, the committee concluded that, "Our Federal research programs, on the one hand, and the nation's goals for higher education, on the other, are in increasing conflict."

The first conflict, according to the committee, is the application of America's technical intellectual resources: "scientists and engineers are indispensable to research and development. They are also indispensable as teachers in the expanding higher education system. Since their numbers cannot be greatly increased over the short run, too much diversion into the one means deprivation of the other." Using National Science Foundation (NSF) figures, the committee estimated that two-thirds of all scientists and engineers engaged in R&D work were employed on federally funded projects. Since almost 90 per cent of all federal R&D funds are contributed by either the Department of Defense, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration or the Atomic Energy Commission, it is safe to assume that a majority of these scientists and engineers were committed to defense-related work. When federal R&D expenditures are rising (as, for instance, during the years 1950-65, when they grew at the rate of 15 per cent a year), this diversion of scientific manpower to military work leaves an inadequate number of qualified scientists for college teaching (particularly at the smaller colleges). R&D employment in the government sector has also created a problem that was not foreseen in the 1950s and early 1960s: when federal R&D expenditures are reduced (or maintained at an even level during a period of inflation, as has been the case for the past two years), a surplus of scientific manpower develops which cannot be easily integrated into other sectors of the economy. Since the scientists engaged in defense research tend to become specialists in narrow fields of particular interest to the military, they often lack the background that would enable them to switch into teaching or nonmilitary research activities.

The same kind of skewed priorities have developed *inside* the university. "Federal competition for scientific manpower," the committee found, "has not stopped at the gates of colleges and universities." By providing about 70 per cent of all research funds received each year by educational institutions, "the Federal government reaches within the higher education system to claim a substantial share of the working time of the college and university faculties, and a very high share of the time of science faculties." The consequences of this phenomenon are as obvious to the committee as they are to most other observers of university education: "colleges and universities have responded to Federal demands for research by channeling an increasing number of professional employees into research work, by reducing teaching time of research-performing faculty, and by offering such reductions as inducements to attract new faculty." The resultant deterioration of undergraduate education—manifest in huge lecture classes and poorly qualified teachers—has become a fact of life at every large university.

The most conspicuous result of the conflicts between federal research programs and the nation's goals for higher education is the concentration of federal funding in the institutions that Clark Kerr calls "Federal grant universities." These favored schools receive up to 85 per cent of their income from federal research funds, and up to 100 per cent of their research budget from this source. There are not many such institutions. According to fiscal 1967 figures, the top 100 recipients of federal obligations for higher education got 69 per cent ($2,278 million) of all such funds, and 88 per cent ($1,166 million) of all

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federal R&D funds. Fifteen universities alone captured 38 per cent ($507.9 million) of all R&D funds available directly to universities, while fifteen schools alone received 49 per cent ($447.4 million) of federal funds going to university-administered Federally Funded Research and Development Centers.

The favored status of such federal grant universities, which can in most cases be traced back to World War II, is a self-perpetuating phenomenon. The objective of federally funded research, according to the House committee, "is the most research at the least costs." Since the government is most likely to entrust its R&D funds to scientists with considerable research experience, "the objective of buying research to the exclusion of other considerations will lead inexorably to the concentration of Federal research funds at the major universities."

The concentration of federal R&D funds at a relatively few universities has meant, according to the committee,

> a similar concentration of research opportunities and incentives for scientists and engineers. Favored universities have been able to attract and keep the best scientists and graduate students. Institutions not so favored have lost many of their ablest professors, and are unable to compete on equal terms for replacements. *Thus, the Federal research programs have not only made already strong institutions stronger. They have done so partly at the expense of the weak.* [Emphasis added.]

The ability of top universities to attract the best scientists has in fact created a "brain drain" from poorer institutions—four-year colleges, junior and community colleges—and from certain sections of the country—Appalachia, the Deep South, the Plains and Mountain states. With a few exceptions, the principal recipients of federal R&D funds are in the Northeast, Middle-Atlantic, Great Lakes or Pacific Coast areas. Six states (Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan and California) received 43 per cent of all federal funds going to universities and colleges in fiscal 1967, and federal R&D expenditures at schools in these states were even more concentrated.

At this point, it is appropriate to draw some conclusions as to the effects of university-military collaboration in the postwar era. The facts presented above suggest that American colleges and universities have become divided into two camps—with the big R&D performers on one side, and those with few R&D contracts on the other. The large research-oriented universities are able to maintain their favored status by "bleeding off" the intellectual resources of less-favored schools. This process tends to perpetuate the underdeveloped condition of the "have-not" schools, which consist of women's colleges, Black colleges, four-year liberal arts colleges, state and municipal schools attended by working class and lower-middle-class youth, agricultural schools, and other non-Ph.D.-granting institutions. Such schools lack adequate equipment and facilities, are unable to attract outstanding faculty members (particularly in the sciences), and cannot offer opportunities for faculty and students to engage in advanced research projects. They cannot, in sum, provide their students with a first-rate education.

The big R&D-oriented universities are, of course, strong where the have-not schools are weak—they can boast ultra-modern facilities, star-studded faculties, multiple research opportunities. But by becoming dependent upon federal research contracts for their operating expenses, they have lost any claim they might once have enjoyed to be called "independent centers of knowledge." The patterns of cooperation between university R&D performers and federal R&D consumers tend to become self-sustaining. This is admirably summarized in this passage from the *Harvard Crimson*'s 1969 "Report on the Future of the University":

> The government, to a large degree, has created its own need for itself among the universities. It is not merely a case of the universities needing money and the government providing it; the government has built up large-scale scientific research as an almost totally new function for universities, a function that only the federal government can finance. . . .
>
> As the sale of the research product became more and more profitable to universities (especially after Sputnik, in 1957), the universities began to reorient their resources—and their own concept of their function—to be able to provide the product more easily. The universities developed a deep dependence on the government, which caused them to anticipate what the government wanted from them and brought them to believe the government's interests were the same as their own.

It is clear that by orienting its activities so as to anticipate the research needs of the government, the universities have by default neglected those areas of inquiry that might embarrass the government or threaten its prerogatives. This fact has been noted by many critics of the government-university relationship; thus, in his 1967 speech on "The War and Its Effects," Senator Fulbright commented that while federal R&D funds do make some contribution to higher education, they do so at a price:

> That price is the surrender of independence, the neglect of teaching, and the distortion of scholarship. A university which has become accustomed to the inflow of government funds is likely to emphasize activities which will attract those funds. These, unfortunately, do not include teaching undergraduates and the kind of scholarship which, though it may contribute to the sum of human knowledge and to man's understanding of himself, is not salable to the Defense Department or the CIA.

Fulbright concluded that the current wave of student unrest is due, not to inferior education but to "the student's discovery of corruption in the one place . . . which might have been supposed to be immune from the corruptions of our age."

For the past two years, student opposition to university-conducted military research has been a major issue all over the country. Efforts by student radicals to "move beyond protest" in the struggle against U.S. intervention in Vietnam led to campaigns against local manifestations of the "War Machine"—ROTC, Armed Forces recruiters, Dow Chemical Company representatives, and military research projects. As campuses became mobilized behind concrete demands—"ROTC off the Campus," "No More War Research"—symbolic protests and vigils gave way to mass civil disobedience and then to violence.

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Opposition to Columbia University's membership in the Institute for Defense Analyses culminated in a strike which effectively paralyzed the school for two months. The Columbia action was followed a year later by a "spring offensive" against military research that led to sit-ins, strikes, and in some cases violent confrontations with police at many of the large research universities. Finally, the Cambodian invasion of April-May 1970 precipitated a nationwide wave of protests against war research and military ROTC training. These successive campaigns have produced a number of conspicuous realignments in the military research network. Several prominent research centers have lost their university affiliation (American University's Center for Research in Social Systems, George Washington's Human Resources Research Office, MIT's Instrumentation Laboratory, and the Stanford Research Institute), and several others have been compelled to restrict their military research activities. One may pertinently ask, however, how much has actually been accomplished by the student movement. Here follows a provisional answer to that question.

I have said that the most important military function of the university is the production and concentration in useful form of what have been called "technical intellectual resources." A 1966 Stanford Research Institute study summarized this function as follows: "The university is a major performer of defense R&D; a supplier of advisers and consultants to defense R&D agencies; a producer of the technical professional work force that is the prime production factor in the many government, nonprofit, industrial, and academic laboratories that produce defense R&D; and a provider of continuing, updating education to the defense R&D work force."

Any evaluation of the movement against war research would have to conclude that the only *measurable* achievements of the campus revolt have been confined to the *first* role identified by Stanford Research Institute, the production of defense R&D directly by the universities. Some universities have placed bans on secret research or otherwise objectionable projects (e.g., work on chemical and biological warfare), and some research institutes have been severed from their parent university. However, no limitations have been placed on any of the other defense R&D roles performed by the university. It is questionable, moreover, whether any of the actions taken by the university have had any effect on the day-to-day functioning of the military research network: nonuniversity research organizations have been found to assume responsibility for projects abandoned by the universities, and the institutes that have lost their university sponsorship are fully capable of continuing work on their own. Thus even the institutional measures adopted by the universities to divest themselves of defense R&D work will not substantially alter the composition of the military research network; the cohesion of this network, after all, depends not so much on formal arrangements as on its ability to funnel information to the Pentagon and money back to the research performers—a process that goes on unabated.

If any results have been achieved at all by the campus protest movement, they would have to be manifest in the most fundamental area of all: the attitudes and loyalties of the people who comprise the nation's technical intellectual resources. If America's outstanding scientists and engineers were persuaded to abandon military work, the military research network would be seriously impeded. And if young scientists and graduate students eschewed a career in fields closely tied to "defense technologies," the impediment would be lasting.

In a guest article in *The New York Times*, Director of Defense Research and Engineering, Dr. John S. Foster, Jr., revealed that the Pentagon is concerned by the growing alienation of young scientists from military research work. This phenomenon received national attention on March 4, 1969, when thousands of scientists participated in a one-day research strike to "protest the misuse of technology and the complicity of the scientific and technological community with the growing power and influence of the military-industrial complex." Participants in the March 4 strike at MIT heard an impassioned plea from Harvard biologist George Wald for nothing more than "a reasonable chance to live, to work out our destiny in peace and decency." Wald, a Nobel laureate, told an appreciative audience that while "our government has become preoccupied with death, with the business of killing and being killed," the business of scientists "is with life, not death." [See "Science: The Movement vs. the Establishment" by Charles Schwartz, *The Nation*, June 22.] Recognizing that these arguments endanger the morale and discipline of the troops under his command, Foster felt compelled to respond on an elevated moral plane to the anti-military campaign:

> The theme of these young people is valid—our talents and our physical resources should be directed primarily toward enhancing the quality of life. . . . Unhappily, one compelling attribute of the current era, the end of which is not in sight, is the fact and prospect of war. Security from external threat to our nation is a prerequisite, therefore, to the improvement of the quality of life. . . .

Lurking in the background, then, are the faded imperatives of the cold war; from this perspective, "Research in areas of interest to defense is not in itself immoral. But to deny others the right to pursue defense research and to find alternatives for the common defense is, in my judgment, immoral."

There is, of course, no way to determine who is being most persuasive in this struggle for the loyalties of young scientists. Nevertheless, there is some indication that the Pentagon will not, as in the past, be able to choose at random among the brightest minds in the nation when lining up staff for important research projects. Disenchantment with the military orientation of the "Science Establishment" was clearly visible at 1969 and 1970 meetings of the American Physical Society and the American Association for the Advancement of Science, where activists shattered the normally placid atmosphere of the proceedings to challenge those who unquestioningly accepted the present utilization of scientific resources. ("Our job as scientists," one protester shouted, "is to see that science resources benefit the people.") At MIT, the Science Action Coordinating Committee, sponsor of the March 4 research strike, has won a pledge from the institute's administration to seek nonmilitary financing for MIT's

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defense-oriented Special Laboratories. More important, perhaps, are recent press accounts of young scientists who have quit defense research to work on environmental problems—or who quit science altogether to become full-time political activists.

The Pentagon is well aware that it can shift university research projects to "less competent but more 'cooperative'" private research organizations. To do so, Dr. Foster argued, would be "a great disservice to the nation." Revealing, finally, how much is at stake, the Pentagon's research chief warned:

> It would be an even graver disservice to the nation to bar defense-related research from all campuses, as advocated by some. National security requires nothing less than the best research talent offered.
>
> The Federal Government must be free to enlist those talents wherever they are found—and they flourish particularly in the university community. □

PANIC OVER PANTHERS

PHILADELPHIA BOOMERANG

JAMES HIGGINS

Mr. Higgins, a former assistant editor of the York Gazette and Daily, *is working, with others, on a book about the Black Panther Party for publication by Random House.*

York, Pa.

Philadelphia Police Commissioner Frank Rizzo invited reporters to accompany him on raids of three Black Panther Party offices which they made on August 31. From the commissioner's point of view, it was not perhaps his most rewarding decision. The man who has been seriously considered as a successor to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, had started that week as if he had received a mandate to rid the city of the Black Panther plague and thus forestall the party's plans for a Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention, scheduled to be assembled on September 5. By the time that date arrived, it appeared that Commissioner Rizzo and his police had made a substantial, if inadvertent, contribution to the success of the convention which, with about 15,000 in attendance, went off peacefully and swimmingly. And Rizzo was described in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* as "perplexed" by public reaction to police behavior.

At least some of that reaction can be traced to news accounts and photographs of the raids. For example, the community hummed with vibrations caused by the following paragraphs from a story of the raid on the Wallace Street Panther office in West Philadelphia, written from an eyewitness account by a reporter from the *Philadelphia Bulletin*:

> They [police] arrived at the Black Panther headquarters on Wallace Street, precisely at 6 A.M.
>
> While a light drizzle fell, police took up positions in vacant houses across the street, crouched behind their patrol cars, put up ladders to adjoining roofs, set up high-intensity lights and turned them on the three-story brick row house that serves as the headquarters.
>
> Kopsitz [Inspector Robert Kopsitz of the fetchingly named Civil Disobedience unit] went to the front door with an axe. After hitting it repeatedly with heavy blows, he was unable to get through what appeared to be a series of doors behind it.
>
> At that point one of the policemen called out: "Police. We have a warrant. Throw your weapons out now." The order was repeated half a dozen times with no response.

These paragraphs were published in the August 31 first edition of the *Bulletin*, an "evening" newspaper that begins coming off press at 9:30 A.M. This first-hand narrative became the basis for a paragraph in a raid story published on September 1 by *The New York Times*, which referred to Kopsitz hitting the door "repeatedly with an axe before a policeman called out that the police were there with a warrant."

Although I suspected that press attention to the way in which the raids had been planned and executed was behind the alarmed statements that came during the week from city and state personages and organizations, I did not know until September 6, second day of the convention, how much distress the *Bulletin* and *Times* accounts had caused Commissioner Rizzo. On that day, the *Sunday Inquirer* printed some details from a talk one of its staff members, William J. Speers, had had with Rizzo:

> When asked to comment on an eyewitness account by a reporter that the police tried to break down the door at the Panthers' Wallace St. headquarters before identifying themselves, Rizzo said the story was wrong.
>
> "And I'll have the reporter himself tell you that," he said. Five minutes later the reporter called the *Inquirer* and said the account was rewritten incorrectly.
>
> "They knocked on the door of the building first with a butt of a gun while they announced themselves," said the reporter. . . . "When they got no answer, then they tried to break the door down. Then the Panthers fired on them."

It struck me as strange that, if it was in error, a *Bulletin* report on so important a matter should remain uncorrected for six days and then resurface, with a different sequence of facts, in a quotation attributed to the original eyewitness *Bulletin* reporter, but published in another Philadelphia newspaper. I wondered if I had somehow missed an amended story in the *Bulletin* between August 31 and September 5. It turned out that I had not, nor did *The New York Times* restate its *Bulletin*-derived version of how the raid began, although a *Times* reporter was present at a Rizzo press conference on September 2 when Bernard Nossiter of the *The Washing-*

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ton Post, hearing the commissioner say that the police had observed all legal proprieties, asked how that jibed with an eyewitness report that Kopsitz had started the raid by whacking the door with an ax.

Rizzo told the assembled reporters that the eyewitness story was wrong, adding that, when he had seen it picked up and used by the *Times* on September 1, he had immediately directed two of his inspectors to check with the *Bulletin* reporter, who had then remembered it was wrong. He said that he would have the reporter personally verify the error of omission. "In a few minutes," Nossiter told me, "the reporter appeared and told us that the rewrite desk had not gotten the story quite straight, quite the way it should have run." Later, assistant managing editor Sam Boyle of the *Bulletin* told me the notes taken on the phone by the rewrite reporter justified the account of the raid which appeared in the August 31 first edition and all later editions.

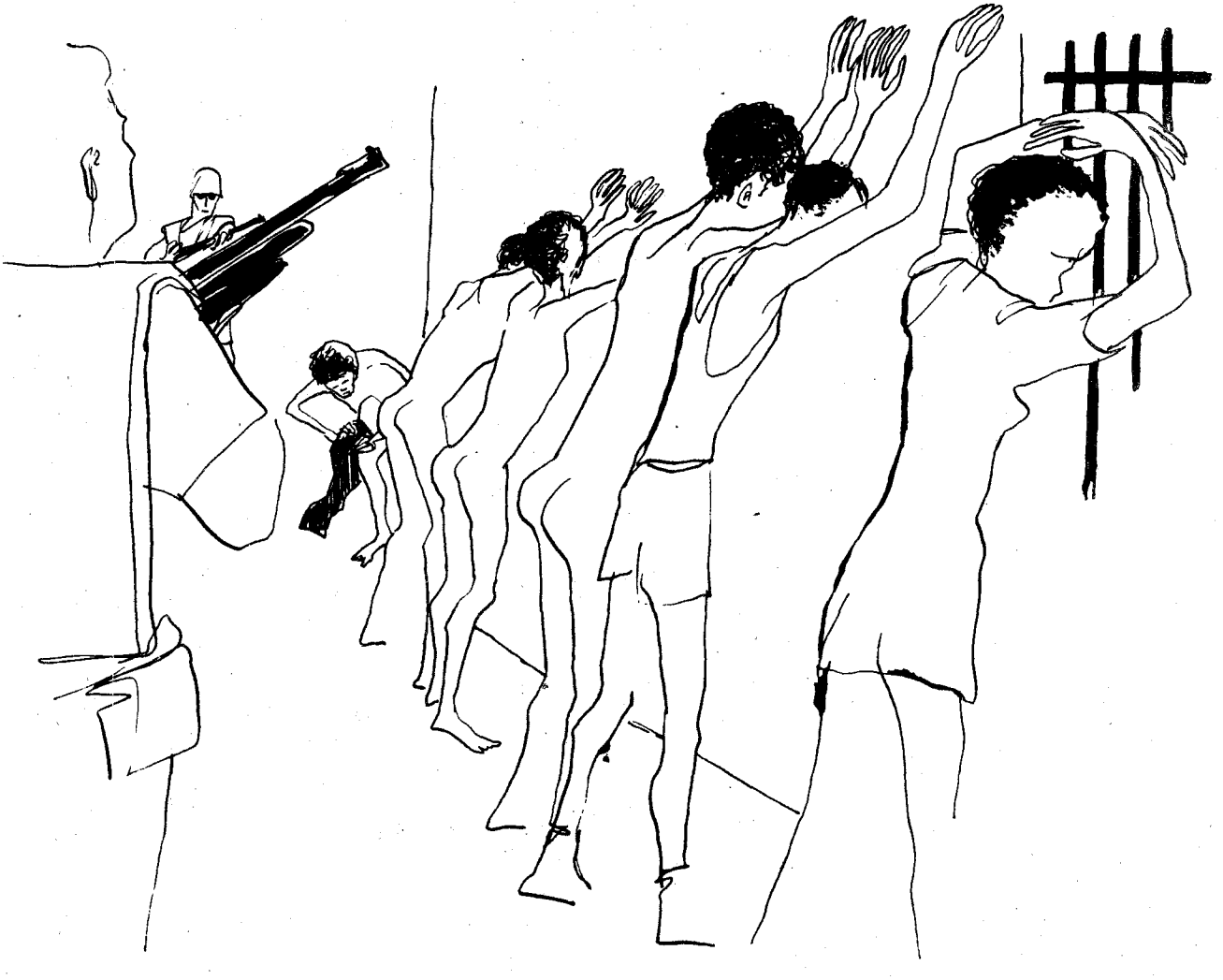
Whatever actually did happen in the moments when police approached the Wallace Street Panther office, the eyewitness report as published severely disturbed Commissioner Rizzo, who possibly had begun to sense that, in going after the Panthers, he and his police had "overreacted" to events that had occurred in Philadelphia two days earlier. On August 29, a police sergeant on duty at Fairmont Park had been shot and killed while sitting at a desk in the park police office. Two other officers, one in an unrelated incident elsewhere, had been badly wounded. Almost at once police arrested two men, black but not Panthers, and charged them with the killing.

A notion of Rizzo's emotional state at this juncture can be gained from some of his comments:

> Why don't they call us and tell us they want to kill us? Why don't they tell us they want to have it out? We'll meet them any time. We'll go on their terms. If they say they'll have ten men . . . we'll go with two. Do they have to be cowards? Aren't 5-to-1 odds good enough for them? These creeps lurk in the dark. . . . They should be strung up, I mean within the law. . . . This is actual warfare. I'll tell you one thing, the Philadelphia Police Department won't tolerate it here, if the courts and everybody else do.

The commissioner also referred to "them"—he later said he meant "black militants" in general—as "psychotics, lunatics, yellow dogs, imbeciles and fanatics," engaged in a nationwide conspiracy against police and law and order.

Almost in an aside, Rizzo remarked that police knew that those who had plotted the Fairmount Park shootings had attended "educational meetings" at Black Panther Party headquarters. But several days after the raids, *Bulletin* columnist Michael Von Moschzisker gave the



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commissioner's law-enforcement logic a very low rating:

> On Monday, police linked the Black Panther Party to the killing of the Park Police sergeant in the eyes of the public by raiding three Philadelphia Panther offices with teams of 45 police stakeout men each, accompanied by eight to ten detectives, and newsmen. [Also, at Wallace Street, by an FBI agent, according to the August 31 *Bulletin* report.]
>
> Interviewed on the spot and asked, "What brought you here?" Inspector James Curran said, "We came here in order to check and see what if any connection there was between the recent police shootings and the Black Panthers."
>
> On this flimsy basis, with no evidence having been produced, 15 Black Panther men and women were arrested, and 14 of them held in $100,000 bail each. . . .

A 17-year-old girl among the fifteen apprehended had not been assessed with what now seems to be standard bail—or "ransom," as the Panthers call it—for any Panthers arrested anywhere on any charge. Instead, she was remanded to juvenile detention. Later, when the $100,000 bail had been reduced to a top of $5,000 and a low of $100, thus setting the Panthers at liberty, she was released in the custody of her parents. Her career record included, as another *Bulletin* writer reported on September 4, two scholarships on graduation from high school last June, "all kinds of Girl Scout badges," junior counselor at a YWCA camp, and distinction as a pianist, violist and singer.

Von Moschzisker's implication that the raids were occasioned primarily by Rizzo's excited, if not vengeful, frame of mind was accepted, I think, by many Philadelphians, especially in the black community, whose understanding had been sharpened by the reporters the commissioner had fortunately invited along. They were impressed, I don't doubt, by another item in the *Bulletin* eyewitness account that had contained the disputed paragraphs about Kopsitz and his ax. About this episode there would be no dispute.

> Police returned the fire and then heard someone inside say: "We're coming out. . . ."
>
> The door opened. A shotgun was thrown out. It was a fully-loaded 12-gauge pump-action gun. [Rather remarkable telescopic, not to say X-ray, observation, in my opinion, by a reporter presumably some distance off.]
>
> An unarmed man followed.
>
> Behind him police could see a second man, holding a rifle, coming down the stairs. A policeman fired one warning shot above the man's head and the man threw down the rifle.
>
> He was followed by three more men, a woman and then a man.
>
> They were all ordered against the adjoining wall and the men were instructed to strip naked. Police searched their clothes and handcuffed them.

This rather inconspicuous reference to six persons being "instructed to strip naked" in the open air—the above paragraphs were at the end of the story and do not say that the six actually complied with the instructions—might have received only passing notice, but Rizzo had had the forethought to extend his press invitation to photographers as well as reporters. The *Bulletin* printed a picture of the captives up against the wall, stripped to their undershorts. And the tabloid *Daily News*, whose first edition appears somewhat later than the *Bulletin*, not only got some entirely naked bodies on film but published the shot boldly all over its display front page.

To be sure, the men were snapped from behind. Nevertheless, it was a startling photograph, given the circumstances. Conversations with a number of Philadelphians during the week after it was printed have convinced me that this incident, more than any other, prompted the expressions of concern about the raids, and about the situation in the city, made by about ten well-established groups. Among them were the Greater Philadelphia Movement, the Urban Coalition, the Greater Philadelphia branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, the American Friends Service Committee, the Fellowship Commission and the area Americans for Democratic Action.

Some of the concern sprang from heartfelt indignation, but some, no doubt, reflected anxiety as to the effect of the raids, especially the Wallace Street caper as recorded in print and photo, on the black community of Philadelphia. Ordinarily the shock of such incidents can be expected to drop below the danger point as days pass, but the Panther Party's constitutional convention was coming up; Rizzo had declared his hope that city and state authorities, and Temple University, which had already granted use of its gym so that convention participants could hear a speech by Panther Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton, would outlaw the event; the Panthers had replied that the convention would be held in any case—in the streets, if necessary.

These ingredients of serious public disorder sent shivers through the frame of the Philadelphia "establishment," which could get a reasonably accurate idea of black sentiment from the comments of such usually reserved black figures as Common Pleas Court Judge Raymond Pace Alexander. Judge Alexander, in an interview with a *Bulletin* reporter, called the raids an "outrageous act." The *Bulletin* report continued:

> Judge Alexander said he was particularly incensed that the police forced some of those arrested to strip as they were lined up on the sidewalk. He said:
>
> "When the department of police got these young colored men and women and raided them improperly, and made them stand nude, and had pictures taken of them, this showed them that the black people . . . were less than human, and dehumanized them so that it inspired us and other black people to come to their support."

Another development which stirred up angry feelings in the black community, and further contributed, I am sure, to the distress and chagrin of Commissioner Rizzo, was stimulated by a Panther press conference of September 1. The Panthers told reporters that police had taken typewriters, mimeograph machines, money, clothes, personal belongings, refrigerators, furniture, beds and food from the three raided offices. The *Bulletin* of September 2 contained this paragraph: "Rizzo, when contacted about the charges, first denied that refrigerators, furniture, stoves or other appliances had been taken by police. (He did not deny that police had taken, as they had, all records pertaining to arrangements for the convention.)

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But after checking with officers on the raid he admitted that the furnishings had been taken out."

A Philadelphia reporter later told me that Rizzo showed no inclination to check into the Panther charges until he was told that reporters had visited the raided offices and found no furniture, clothing or bedding. They had noted, too, that plumbing had been ripped from the floors, so that toilets, sinks and bathtubs were out of commission. The same reporter said that Rizzo "threw a fit" when he found out from George Fencl, the police lieutenant who led the Wallace Street raid, what had gone on, and had used language to Fencl which, had it not been for the lieutenant's exposure to Panther vocabulary, might have mortified him.

When Rizzo finally "conceded" to the press that the stuff had been removed from the Panther offices, he said, in words that convey to me a rather shaky command situation in the Philadelphia police: "That was not my orders. I apologize for that." He learned the next day, to his apparent horror, that people were assuming he had directed his apology to the Panthers—as, under the circumstances, he might well have done. But what he meant, he said, was to apologize to the press for having doubted its witness and having denied the unruly and admittedly insubordinate antics of his police. The reporter with whom I talked received the impression that any requirement to apologize to the Panthers would be regarded by Rizzo as a fate worse than being cashiered or, perhaps, not getting J. Edgar Hoover's job.

He did, nevertheless, make an offer which came close to admitting that the police had taken things which didn't belong to them in the line of duty, an act customarily defined as theft by police when they are on the prosecuting end of such a deal. During a television interview, Rizzo said he would make certain that all household, office and personal items, which police in their zeal had snatched from the Panthers, were returned. With the exception, of course, of thirteen guns and about 1,000 rounds of ammunition which, he said, had been confiscated from the three offices. The Panthers replied in a press release: "Let us inform Rizzo we do not place priority on material goods. We demand first the immediate release of our troops. We want all our guns back. They are ours and we have a constitutional right to bear arms for the purpose of self-defense. We want our clothing returned without the smell of tear gas. We want them on clothes hangers, dry-cleaned and fit to wear to the plenary session of 'The Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention.'"

The press release also thanked "the people in the community" for coming forth "with food, furniture, office supplies, doors, bed linen, towels, pens, pencils, paper and expressions of solidarity with the Black Panther Party." The *Bulletin* of September 2 attested to this neighborhood help. It reported that at the Columbia Avenue office, about thirty Panther members and 120 community persons "scrubbed floors and walls to remove lingering tear-gas odors, pasted posters back on the walls, and brought in furniture, food and clothes to the ransacked, bullet-ridden rooms."

I do not know if the outfits the Philadelphia Panthers wore to the constitutional convention were those restored by police in the condition the Panthers had demanded. But there is little doubt that Commissioner Rizzo and his men, through the raids themselves and the manner of their conduct, insured that this convention, envisioned by the Panthers as the beginning of an effort to prepare a new U.S. constitution, would receive, in a way, the blessing of Gov. Raymond P. Shafer, U.S. Sen. Hugh Scott, the Greater Philadelphia Movement, the Urban Coalition, and the authorities of Temple University, a state institution. Everyone suddenly discovered that free speech and assembly were the principles at stake, even if the rhetorically savage Panthers were the interested party.

Thus the Panthers secured the Temple gym not for just one plenary session but for two. The party, in a complaint to the courts supported by others, obtained an injunction against harassment by Philadelphia police. Plainclothes men with walkie-talkies loitered on the streets near the gym, but had nothing to do. The crowds were self-disciplined, Panther-disciplined and community-disciplined. For three days and nights that sector of North Philadelphia was safe for everyone. The Quakers who, in their red aprons, had volunteered as watchers-for-incidents and dispensers-of-cool-water, found that they could concentrate on the latter service.

As for the convention itself, its work went off better than anyone, Panthers included, might have expected. The active participants numbered about 8,000 and the attendance, swelled by young blacks from Philadelphia, hovered around 15,000. More significant, however, was the fact that much of the preparation for the convention, and many of the housekeeping functions, such as cooking, during the three days, were handled by young white radicals, most of them associated with the Philadelphia Resistance. Integration was indeed evident in the convention assembly, which was about 65 per cent black and about 90 per cent youthful. Only the Panther Party, among organized blacks, invites and attracts this kind of support these days.

Just as important as the character, the cooperative enthusiasm and the serious demeanor of those in attendance was the frankly Socialist and humanist substance of the constitutional proposals formulated in the dozen or so workshops. The *Bulletin* had two reporters at the session where the proposals were read. Their account gave an accurate idea of the content of the proposals and of the atmosphere in which they were received:

> The "revolutionary people's" conference here moved into its last day today with a call for a new American society in which control of the police, courts, educational system and the means of production is vested in the "people in the community. . . ."
>
> Each proposal drew cheers and cries of "Right On" and "Power to the People." The crowd of 5,000 or more . . . gave its greatest ovation when one speaker called for "redistribution" of America's wealth to the have-not nations of the world and acceptance of the more modest standard of living such a move would require.

Other proposals amounted to a bill of rights for just about every "oppressed people" in the country: children, GIs, students, workers, women, homosexuals and "na-

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tional minorities." The "Artists" workshop proposed that every person have opportunity to develop and express creative potential. The "Street People's" unit declared the "value of hallucinogenic drugs (as opposed to such stuff as heroin, which was condemned) in creating revolutionaries," but the statement went on to remark, wisely in my opinion, that there could come a time when their use would hinder the "revolution."

When the proposals were all in, the Panther Party described them as providing the basis for "one of the most progressive constitutions in the history of mankind." Too much to say? Perhaps. But the very fact that the beleaguered and embattled Black Panther Party could get such a convention together, take aim at so grand an objective as the writing of a new constitution for the nation, and draw forth a series of relevant, challenging propositions is something of a miracle in itself.

A smaller miracle, but one that also must be credited to the determination of the Panther Party, was the fashion in which the *Bulletin* discharged its responsibility to report the news about the Panthers. On August 31, its lead paragraph on the raids could have been written by Rizzo: "Police and black militants battled with rifles and pistols today. . . ." On September 6, however, the *Bulletin* front page was emblazoned with a five-column headline reading: "Newton Keynotes Panther Parley, Calls for Socialism in America." The "Newton," naturally, was Huey P., who on the evening of September 5 in the Temple gym had made his first formal address since being released on bail from two and a half years in a California prison. He devoted about a quarter of the speech to readings and paraphrases from the text of The Declaration of Independence, which sounded most fitting and proper in the Philadelphia, not to say United States, of 1970.

The same edition of the *Bulletin* contained an "exclusive interview" with Newton, this also published on Page 1 and headlined: " 'Bozo' Rizzo Acts Like a Savage, Newton Asserts in Interview Here." (That was the day that the *Inquirer* described Rizzo as "perplexed.") It's worth noting, too, that the September 6 *Sunday Bulletin* printed in its feature section the complete text of the Panther Party ten-point program and the party's rules of conduct and discipline, together with profile sketches of Newton and Bobby Seale, imprisoned Black Panther Party national chairman.

There was even more. The *Bulletin,* under the heading, "Was It Necessary?" went on to question editorially the "stern police action and rhetoric" of the previous week. It all constituted, perhaps, partly a *Bulletin* atonement for its earlier approach to Black Panther-police relationships, and partly a gesture of fair play from comfortable America toward the *lumpen* revolutionaries of the Black Panther Party. The *Bulletin,* you might say, broadcast a sort of belated "Right on!" to the Panthers, which in my opinion suited the situation much better than the praise Commissioner Rizzo bestowed upon "police and public," or the congratulations of the Greater Philadelphia Movement and Urban Coalition to police and Rizzo for maintaining "peace and order" during the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention.

Anyone who was there, as I was, knows that the very evident "peace and order," as well as the constructive work of the convention, were produced principally by the spirit of the Black Panther Party's members and supporters. What the party achieved at Philadephia, in short, is at least sufficient to arouse the interest of all progressive Americans in the next step—the convening of another assemblage in Washington on November 6. Its task will be to write, from the Philadelphia proposals, a new model constitution for the United States. As Malcolm X once said, in effect, "Those who aren't there won't know." □

'THE REAL MAJORITY'

MYOPIA of the INSIDE DOPESTERS

JACK NEWFIELD

Mr. Newfield is an assistant editor of The Village Voice, *New York. He is the author of* A Prophetic Minority *(New Amsterdam Library) and* Robert Kennedy: A Memoir *(Dutton).*

The Great Hype Machine is being cranked up once again. In the recent past this McLuhanite monster has sought to persuade us of the virtues of the Edsel, black capitalism, *Myra Breckinridge,* the "new Nixon," and the midiskirt. Now it is being put to the service of a political theory in the form of a book called *The Real Majority* (Coward-McCann). Like most clients of this myth-making apparatus, it is new, slick, attractively packaged, well publicized and distributed—and bereft of authenticity or value.

The Real Majority has been plugged on Dick Cavett's television talk show. John Roche, LBJ's former house intellectual, wrote in his new syndicated column, *"The Real Majority* is the most incisive and controversial analysis of American politics to come along in the last decade." The book was also praised by hawkish Howard K. Smith of ABC-TV, who said: "If I were a politician running for office this year, the first thing I would do, ahead of all else, is study the book, *The Real Majority."* It has been boosted in *Newsweek,* not in the form of a book review but as a news story in the National Affairs section of the weekly that "separates fact from opinion." According to *Newsweek,* the book provides "a fascinating guide to who the majority voter really is," and the authors "demolish a good deal of wishful liberal thinking. . . ." *The Real Majority* has been promoted by syndicated columnists Roland Evans and Robert Novak, who wrote: "Advance copies have been pondered by key party figures

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for the past month. Seldom has one book had so instant an impact on political affairs."

The better-known author of this centrist tract is Richard Scammon, former director of the U.S. Bureau of the Census, now head of the Electronics Research Center in Washington, and a public opinion "consultant" for *Newsweek*. His partner is Ben Wattenberg, a former speech writer for Lyndon Johnson, and now for Hubert Humphrey.

The Scammon-Wattenberg thesis is simple: the average voter "is a 47-year-old housewife from the outskirts of Dayton, Ohio, whose husband is a machinist." Which is to say, the mass of American voters today are "unpoor, unblack, unyoung," and hold "middle-of-the-road" political views. The new, great "social issue" in America, these inside dopesters say, is an increasing opposition to black militancy, student unrest, crime, drugs, the breakdown of the traditional morality.

The authors are knowledgeable; their book is impressive with tables, facts, maps, graphs, statistics, and provides a 25-page appendix of data. The authors write a simple, direct, neutral prose that seems almost scientific in its confident tone. But in the end, they propose a strategy that correlates 100 per cent with their bias—the Johnson-Humphrey faction of the Democratic Party. They advise candidates to slide to the right on the social issue—that complex constellation of questions relating to authority and order—while supporting the traditional New Deal programs, and fuzzing on Vietnam, since it is no longer politically important.

Unfortunately when the Scammon-Wattenberg theory is put into practice by impressionable "liberal Democrats," it becomes something cheap and illiberal. It becomes Joseph Tydings of Maryland sponsoring the preventive detention bill in the Senate. It becomes Hubert Humphrey (Wattenberg's employer) repudiating his former support for gun-control legislation, saying he was unreasonably influenced by the emotionalism of the King and Kennedy murders. It becomes Adlai Stevenson naming Chicago Eight prosecutor Tom Foran as co-chairman of his Senate campaign in Illinois, the same Tom Foran who relieved his feelings in public with the notorious "freaking fag revolution" speech at the end of the trial.

Of course blowing up buildings and killing lone cops from ambush is inhuman and demented. But what ambitious politicians are doing this season under the influence of this book is sick in its own right. Scammon and Wattenberg are not just morally wrong, they are wrong even on their own technocratic terms.

The moral point first. *The Real Majority* glorifies technique to the exclusion of substance. Its counsel—and the last chapter is written like a textbook—is geared to devising the best tactics, to putting the best face on a position, to finding the most pragmatic way to phrase something. At such carpentry the authors are truly clever, in the gimmicky way that Theodore Sorensen or Herbert Klein is clever. This, for example, is how they suggest that a candidate talk about student radicalism:

> Do *not* say: "Well, I don't agree with Students for a Democratic Society when they invade a college president's office, but I can understand their deep sense of frustration."

> *Do* say: "When students break laws they will be treated as lawbreakers." (Italics in original.)

Nowhere in its 305 pages of text does the book offer any ideas as to how we might actually solve social problems. The whole thrust is on how to get the vote of that machinist in Dayton, not how to improve his unhappy life. The whole unspoken assumption is the infinite projection into the future of the *status quo*, the idea that poverty, racism, militarism and male supremacy are normal permanent conditions to be manipulated, not erased.

But all this is relatively easy moralizing from the Left. Where the book really fails is in its comprehension of the actual forces shaping contemporary politics. For all its data, for all its pose of scholarly objectivity, *The Real Majority* badly underestimates some of the deepest trends running through the American body politic.

No single theory or concept can possibly explain the mood of the American voter in 1970. In this volcanic epoch, most people are too irrational and in too great conflict to be sociologized into voting blocs or categories. Millions of white workingmen switched their allegiance from Robert Kennedy to George Wallace during the 1968 campaign. Others, more upper class and suburban, switched to Richard Nixon when Eugene McCarthy was not nominated in Chicago. Many citizens vote on an intuition about personality; others are rigidly loyal to a party. Unfortunately, only a minority of the electorate is issue-oriented.

A given individual probably dislikes the war in Vietnam and college students about equally; he will suffer from contradictory impulses in the polling booth. Scammon and Wattenberg are sophisticated enough to understand this, and they do bury some necessary qualifications and modifiers in dependent clauses. But by stressing repeatedly that a firm stand against the militancy of the young, the poor and the black is required to win elections, they oversimplify human nature. [See: "The Perils of Quantification," *The Nation*, September 21 and

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"The Politics of Prejudice," *The Nation*, September 28.]

Kevin Phillips was guilty of a similar error in *The Emerging Republican Majority*, which also enjoyed a brief season on the Hype Machine. Only Phillips used Catholic ethnicity and "sun-belt" geography as the anchors of his single theory. Now, the recent defeats of Harrold Carswell, Orval Faubus and George Mahoney suggest doubts about the viability of the "Southern strategy."

Scammon and Wattenberg enormously underrate the importance of Vietnam, probably because their own political allies, Humphrey and LBJ, have no comfortable way of dealing with a disaster for which history will hold them responsible. Recent primary elections have reaffirmed the capacity of forthright anti-war candidates to attract volunteers, money and enthusiasm on this still deeply felt issue. Rev. Joseph Duffey won the three-way Senate primary in Connecticut in August largely because of his long-standing commitment against the war. Two weeks after James Reston had penned a *New York Times* column about how conservative Denver has become, the anti-war insurgent, Craig Barnes, upset veteran Rep. Byron Rogers in the Democratic primary in that city. In Massachusetts, Father Robert Drinan, an outspoken dove, unseated 72-year-old Philip Philbin, the vice chairman of the Armed Services Committee, and an unreconstructed hawk. In Manhattan's polyglot 19th Congressional District, Mrs. Bella Abzug, running on a platform of immediate withdrawal from Vietnam, upset ten-year Rep. Leonard Farbstein, who had an adequate voting record, but showed no passion against the war. And in Maryland's 4th Congressional District, 68-year-old George Fallon, chairman of the House Public Works Committee, was upset by a 37-year-old peace candidate, Paul Sarbanes. And what's most important about these races is that the winners all drew substantial backing from blue-collar voters.

Scammon and Wattenberg do not take into account the ability of neo-Populists to neutralize the backlash by appealing to low- and middle-income whites on the ground of economic self-interest. In 1968 I watched Robert Kennedy win the Indiana and Nebraska primaries. These are not liberal or peace states. He prevailed by standing up in the town squares of South Bend and Omaha, with his hair flopping into his eyes, and shouting about the war, tax reform, bureaucracy and local control, and new economic priorities. The steelworkers and waitresses and small farmers forgot their racism and voted for Kennedy.

Peter Flaherty fashioned a similar coalition of students, blacks and working-class whites to become the Mayor of Pittsburgh last year. In June, Richard Ottinger invoked the old Populist passions, attacking the corporate polluters, the machine Democrats and monopolies like Con Edison and the Telephone Company, to win the New York Senate primary. An analysis of Ottinger's votes showed that he carried many workingmen's neighborhoods in Brooklyn and Queens.

And in Connecticut, Duffey won the votes of the "unpoor, unyoung and unblack" by marching on union picket lines, talking about how his father was a West Virginia coal miner, attacking the war in Southeast Asia, and by pushing Walter Reuther's plan, which would require the management of defense plants to set aside 25 per cent of their profits for preparation and research into economic reconversion once the war is over.

As affluent moderates, Scammon and Wattenberg forget how hard it is for a city family to live on $10,000 a year. That family may not like blacks or hippies, but it might vote for a candidate who talks about issues like tax reform, industrial safety, consumer protection, factory lay-offs and inflation, free health care, pollution, and higher Social Security benefits—all programs that benefit white workers as much as black workers.

Candidates who follow the advice offered in *The Real Majority* do not automatically prosper. In New York's 1969 Democratic primary for mayor, Rep. James Scheuer waged a model campaign according to the Scammon-Wattenberg formula. After establishing a solid liberal record in the House, Scheuer veered sharply to the right at the start of his campaign for mayor. He published a book on the subject of crime called *To Walk the Streets Safely*. He went to synagogues to attack Lindsay's softness toward black anti-Semitism and to demand that the Mayor fire several of his top black appointees. He demanded more police. He spent more money than most of his opponents. And he ran dead last, even trailing Norman Mailer.

The strategy did not work for Representative Scheuer because it was contrived, artificial. It made him go against the grain of his own instincts. And the voters could smell the fraud. For the same reason, this approach did not work for Hubert Humphrey in 1968. It was not organic to his politics; it was a position grafted on to cater to a perceived mood. It has been my observation that unless a politician knows who he is, he will sink under his own programmed oratory. Ambitious politicians would do better to forget *The Real Majority* and follow the counsel of Shakespeare: "To thine own self be true."

In their dialectic of change, Scammon and Wattenberg almost totally ignore nonelectoral movements. But the history of the last decade shows, I think, that movements, not candidates, make history and alter consciousness. It was the civil rights movement, from Rosa Parks to the police dogs in Birmingham, that forged a new national consensus in favor of public accommodations and voting rights. A movement—ordinary people in motion—forced John Kennedy to introduce civil rights legislation in June of 1963. The anti-war movement, which began outside both major parties, finally turned the nation around on Vietnam, and drove Lyndon Johnson into sulky exile. And today the women's liberation movement is making the politicians wake up and pass legislation like abortion reform and the equal pay amendment.

The most conspicuous weakness, perhaps, of Scammon and Wattenberg is their inability to understand the transcendent importance of television. One doesn't have to agree with all of Marshall McLuhan's puns and probes to understand that he is onto something big. Television *is* a surrogate reality for millions of people, and the result is that television is absorbing and centralizing the authority that was once dispersed among the shop steward, the district leader, the minister, and the print

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publisher. Television is making irrelevant the political middleman or interpreter. Every voter can now see the candidates in his own living room and make a judgment, perhaps frivolous or irrational, about how he will vote. The historic effect of this has been to break down the political party structure, and to project personality above party—a Lindsay or a Kennedy.

The most telling variable in the campaigns this year has not been the law and order issue but the use of television. Those candidates who have had the most money to put the best commercials on the air have won.

Arlen J. Large recognized this when he wrote in *The Wall Street Journal* on June 23:

> All during the '60s, candidates and their clever helpers sharpened the skills of using television to win elections. Paid ads and biographical films were credited with decisive impact in several upset wins: Milton Schapp in the 1966 Democratic primary for Governor of Pennsylvania; Nelson Rockefeller's 1966 re-election as Governor of New York; Mike Gravel's 1968 dumping of Sen. Ernest Gruening in Alaska.
>
> This year, televised ads again have shown their power, in the come-from-behind Senate Democratic primary victories of Lloyd Bentsen over Sen. Ralph Yarborough in Texas, and of Howard Metzenbaum over John Glenn in Ohio.

And on the day his article appeared, the clearest triumph yet of television was demonstrated in New York, where Ottinger won the Senate primary largely with his "Ottinger Delivers" blitz of TV commercials.

I have no counter-theory with which to supplant *The Real Majority* or *The Emerging Republican Majority*. Nevertheless, what I say is that Scammon and Phillips are wrong, that they are victims of their own prejudices, and are blind to the decisive importance of TV, Vietnam and the irrational element in human behavior. □

EXTERMINATOR OF TREBLINKA

THE TRIAL OF A DUTIFUL MAN

THOMAS LAND

Mr. Land is a political journalist usually based in London, whose articles appear in North America, Africa and Asia, as well as in Britain.

Düsseldorf, West Germany

They are about to sentence S.S. Hauptsturmführer Franz Paul Stangl, commander of the Treblinka extermination camp, who had discouraged "pointless" sadism. If he gets the maximum term according to the rules agreed upon, he will be imprisoned for roughly twenty minutes for each of the 400,000 murders for which he stands trial at the Court of Justice in this bursting, prosperous, industrial city on the Rhine.

The ghoulish efficiency of Treblinka in Poland, where more than 700,000 people were gassed, shot, beaten and tortured to death by the S.S. and the Ukrainian guards during World War II, was surpassed only by the record of Auschwitz. And the man who made possible its accomplishments by introducing modern industrial techniques has told the court in utter seriousness: "You can ask me any questions you like. I have done nothing to anybody that was not my duty, and my conscience is clear."

Stangl—now 62, thin and alert, and with the air of authority of a small-town schoolmaster—faces across the modern courtroom a large plan of the camp. He shows no reluctance to elaborate on his record, even to the smallest details. Indeed the whole trial, the biggest war-crime case ever handled by German courts, which is to come to an end this month, seems more concerned with establishing judicial records for future historians than with administering justice.

Stangl, the third most-wanted German war criminal after Hitler's deputy Martin Bormann and the Auschwitz "doctor" Joseph Mengele, had been extradited by the Brazilian Government on condition that his sentence would not exceed fifteen years. Bonn has agreed.

The defense argues that the rules were different during the last stages of the war and that the attentive little man in the dock had no choice but to reduce people to objects for processing on the conveyor belt of death. When Stangl took over the camp, says his Düsseldorf lawyer, "there were bodies lying about all over the place, no proper system of burial, total chaos."

By the time he had established his new system, according to survivors, "it took no more than three-quarters of an hour, by the clock, to put the victims through their last voyage, from the moment the doors of the cattle cars were unbolted to the moment the great trap doors of the gas chambers were opened to take out the bodies. Three-quarters of an hour, door-to-door, compared to an hour and a quarter, and sometimes even as much as two hours with the old system: it was a record."

The huge black-and-white plan of the camp comes alive under the testimony of the witnesses; and Stangl, casting his eyes across the courtroom, perhaps can see again the friendly, green railway station where the tracks ended and where a fake clock painted on the wall always showed three o'clock. The victims still believed that they were on their way to colonize in the East.

Before the travel-worn families could catch their breath, the men and women were separated and rushed through a series of stations. At one, the "emigrant" was told to hand over his coat, hat and suit in exchange for a piece of string; then he was ordered to tie his shoes together with the string and hand those over. Next they took his underwear, cut off his hair, and searched him intimately for dollars and jewels. Finally—because winded victims die more quickly by gas—whip-wielding

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guards chased the day's quota down a long road into the gas chambers.

To make the extermination machine work, Stangl had to establish at the bottom of the social triangle of the camp, with the S.S. on top and the Ukrainian guards in the middle, a large prisoner work force which handled the bodies and processed the valuables, clothes and hair for transport to Germany. These people had to be utterly degraded in order to be made useful slaves to the system (some of them even occasionally recognized members of their families on the assembly line to death).

And there, at last, the bureaucrat of murder slipped up. For the living dead of Treblinka staged a successful camp mutiny in August 1943 against their well-trained, armed and fed guards, and because they did so there are two or three dozen survivors, living in England as well as in Israel, Canada, Australia, the United States and France, to come forward now with their first-hand testimonies. The camp itself was completely destroyed by the Nazis before the Red Army reached the site.

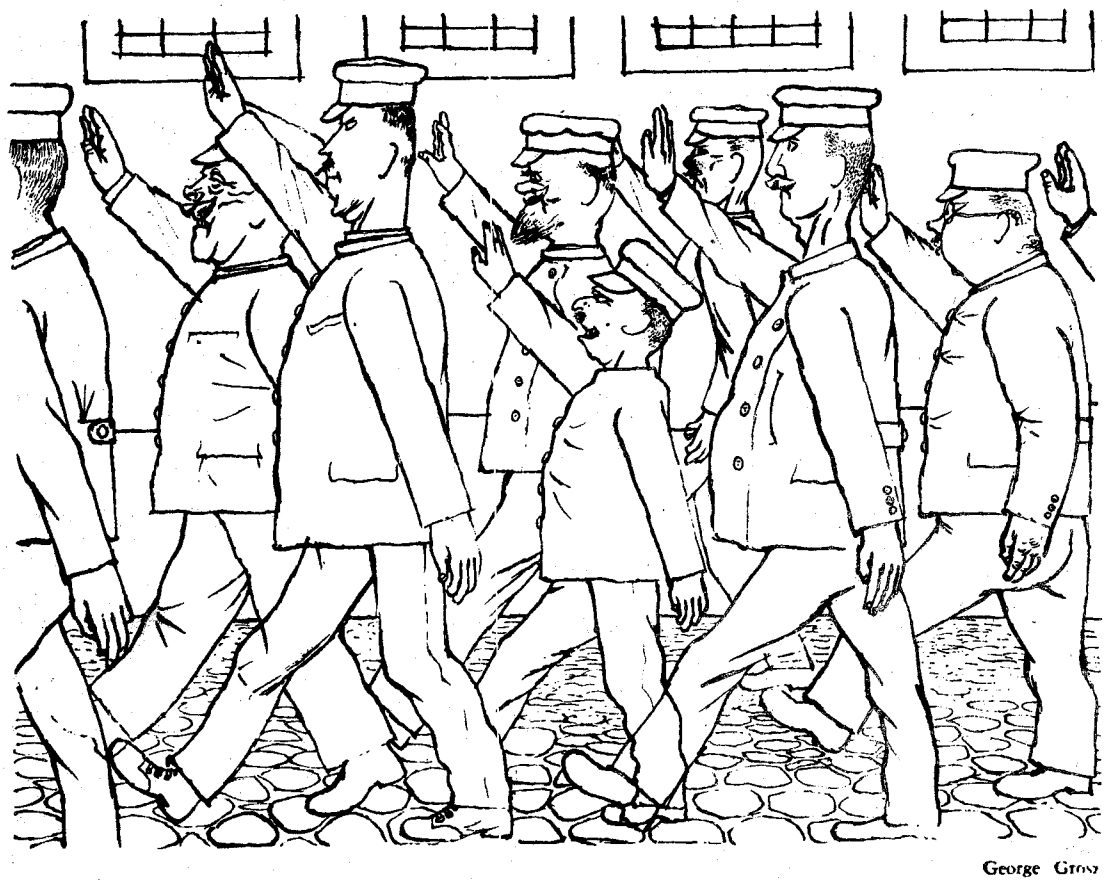
"The most peculiar aspect of the trial," comments one authoritative observer, "is the prosecution's persistent attempt to prove Stangl guilty of torturing or murdering a single person with his own hands. In the Eichmann case, the Israeli court said that 'the degree of responsibility increases as we draw further away from the man who uses the fatal instrument with his own hand.' But this is not how German criminal law works."

It draws a line of distinction between situations where a man has no choice but to obey orders and where he is accessory to the crime. Stangl had been under strict orders as a vital executive of the Third Reich's extermination machinery. Thus he may not get the full term under the rules and may indeed be sentenced to only a quarter hour or less per murder carried out under his supervision.

To be sure, not even the Treblinka survivors are after the blood of the sick old man, betrayed by his son-in-law for $7,000. But though the trial drags on with thorough attention to detail, its central point—the individual's criminal responsibility for supporting a system gone mad—is apparently lost. I have spent an afternoon listening to written testimonies collected abroad and read aloud for the record, watching members of the court sink into light sleep.

If there is a point in disturbing yet again painful memories of the Treblinka dead, it is surely to help the living today to assess their own roles in the vast industrial and political systems over which they exercise no control. The passage of time has helped silence the call for revenge; it has also increased the importance of the way we respond to Nazi war crimes.

The Third Reich's unprecedented great crime was to deny its victims their humanity by exterminating them through industrial methods. The third Industrial Revolution has since then made nations technologically capable of similar crimes of far greater proportions, without providing any more safeguards against the system's going insane. Except for one thing—our awareness, gained through the German experience and confirmed every time Stangl protests his clarity of conscience—that every individual must insist on his right, and must acknowledge his duty, to question every rule handed him from above. □



George Grosz

"They Couldn't Resist"

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Rue Jacob and Lubbock, Texas

THE PARK. *By Philippe Sollers. Translated by A. M. Sheridan Smith. Red Dust. 96 pp. $4.95.*

LUMINOUS NIGHT. *By George Lewis. Dial Press. 263 pp. $5.95.*

RICHARD HOWARD
Mr. Howard's most recent books are Alone with America: Essays on the Art of Poetry in the United States Since 1950, *and his third volume of poems for which he won this year's Pulitzer Prize,* Untitled Subjects *(both Atheneum).*

Published before their authors are 30, these two fictions construe, in accomplishment and exasperation, the enterprise of the young French, the young American novelist: on the far side of the Atlantic, an embarrassment of riches; here at home, a wealth of embarrassments.

At 17, Sollers was acclaimed for his first novella (published here in *Mademoiselle!*) by Aragon and by François Mauriac, who cast his find in that famous French role, "a great writer in the classical tradition"—by which he meant, surely, his own: deliberative enunciations of vexed passion, erotic, analytical, assured. And by the time he was 20, Sollers had founded the brilliant literary magazine *Tel Quel* and "arrived" with an international success (published here by Grove Press as *A Strange Solitude*), a novel of schoolboy passion and Proustian recovery, precocious in its masturbatory complacency, undisturbed by its own torrential rhetoric.

Meanwhile, in the pages of his splendidly eclectic review, Sollers conducted interviews with Robbe-Grillet and Sarraute, with Simon and Butor; he published Barthes and Foucault; he nagged at Sartre and knelt to Lévi-Strauss—what a school for a novelist, what companions for a growing boy! Advancing further into the *avant-garde*, Sollers published a volume of stock-taking with the cautious title *The Intermediary*; but he was already out of transatlantic sight—of all these brilliant essays on art and poetry (Poussin and Ponge), on travel and landscape, only one, a smirkingly scabrous "Introduction to Comfort Stations," was published in a magazine here. And now, ten years after it was written, his second novel appears in America (obscurely sheeted from the British edition), though there are two more subsequent to it, and a second volume of essays (*Logiques*), while *Tel Quel* has taken up a position of, I suppose, Maoist structuralism quite impregnable, if not unreadable, in its scientistic vocabulary, its groupy hermeneutics.

In other words, Sollers has become the most punctual exponent of contemporary French intellectual life; as this little curriculum suggests, his novel, or *récit*, reaches us draped in cultural significations, whereas the American book—quite as valuable, quite as brilliant—must present itself altogether naked of such claims, of such a symbolic cluster of gestures. It is the difference, of course, between the rue Jacob and Lubbock, Texas—a difference already accounted for by Henry James seventy-five years ago. There are advantages in either version of provincialism, that of the *cénacle* and that of the solitary, and when we have the two books together we become, as readers, indispensable victims, as well as beneficiaries of their achievement.

The Park, as I said, is a *récit* or recital, a kind of dramatic monologue in prose which recuperates the energies of a new genre initiated by *The Immoralist* and *Nausea*, elaborated by Blanchot and Beckett, and concerned with a problematics of the speaking voice, the determination of utterance by means of that utterance itself. Who is doing the talking? In any first-person discourse, there is someone who acts and someone who writes; since these two agents represent one and the same person, they meet with certain difficulties, certain dilemmas of relation. That is the sense of Sollers' little book: a man (sometimes *I*, sometimes *he*) sits on a balcony overlooking a park. He watches a woman in the apartment across the way—he loves her, or has loved her. They have been together in another place. Images of their lovemaking are painfully vivid. And there is a man, dead in "the war," who was a friend, part of another life. There is childhood—what is remembered. And supremely, there is the notebook in which the discoveries are being written down: "the succession of sentences which, in this book, seem more and more to take the place of any story and to lead an independent life, being able, if necessary, to cut off any particular moment from its living context."

Unassisted by a "story," a "hero," a "setting," it is no easy matter to get through these scrupulous, splendidly concrete paragraphs; the point is not to take place, as the saying goes, but to leave it; Sollers' *subject* (though I suspect the word is hateful to him) is the purity of narration: "to be able to catch the glance between the beginning of the glance and its reflection in the mirror (that is our point of departure)," he says on page 92. He wants to effect a coincidence between the agent who acts and the agent who writes, to represent the self authentically, which means that he must represent the self representing, the self writing. Boring (in the honorific sense: without concession to the demands of "entertainment"), beautiful, the perfectly phrased, murmurous soliloquy creates itself by questioning itself; and by an immense investment in the innovations of, precisely, the "new novelists"—by cinematic clips ("the image then accelerates, is followed by unexpected developments, simultaneous representations"), by accounts of paintings and photographs, by interior dialogue, what Sarraute calls "subconversion," and by the grumbling dither of Beckett's negating consciousness—Sollers conducts the reader through the mind of his solipsistic voyeur, confident of his mastery ("here I have time, I can split the invasion, deflect it, hold it back, oppose it with ambushes and simulated resistance, to the extent that opposition is multiplied, even if the inevitable defeat forms part of what is fighting it"), convinced of his helplessness ("this whole complacent numbing succession of words must be destroyed; tear it up, throw it away, make a clean sweep, recreate the space that will gradually extend and expand in every direction"). He concludes with himself not only writing but *having written* the book founded on its own impossibility, "the exercise-book with the orange cover, patiently filled, weighed down with regular handwriting, the old pen frequently and mechanically dipped into the blue-black ink, and leading to this page, this sentence, this full stop."

If Sollers would anneal the breach between seeing and saying until his novel becomes the cancellation of itself, the confession of its own impossibility (and in the confessing finds its existence), George Lewis is determined to widen the credibility gap between language and life, to make certain we

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draw a line between what his book is about and what it is. Whereas Sollers can clear his conscience of any engagement with sequence, with consequence even, the young American is embarrassed, is repelled by abstraction; he longs for the household ligatures, for the suburbanities. "There comes a time," one of his characters asserts to himself, "when one's bonds are so richly varied and distinct that to cut them would be simple ugliness." Though this first novel moves upon its reader with almost as many stratagems as does the French work (though not as many suavities), it is preoccupied by the instances which contain and even counter consciousness rather than by the rendering of consciousness itself. It is a study in the engrossment of ordinary lives by the décor those lives extrude: "they were now both sitting," Lewis will say of his two male leads, "and the natural infinity of the room surrounded them and attempted to deaden the pressures of their mortality and its absurd frenzy. The rug most of all was a sponge which sought to incorporate them, to render them rug."

Few novels have dared thus to take arms against a sea of bourgeois troubles and to end them not by opposing but by submitting. In the absence of schools, movements, literary cafés, Lewis has looked for help from an odder quarter than the *Quartier Latin,* and has found it.

He has studied, has assimilated the methods and even the devices of the one practicing novelist of our time who believes that art is bliss. He has invented, for example, a grotesque piece of litmus paper—a Lebanese professor of English Lit., lecherous, trivial and detestably articulate—who vitrifies the "ordinary" folks he boards among as glitteringly as Humbert Humbert ever turned on the Haze family. Further, Lewis has allowed this Middle Eastern monster to insert, act by act, an entire Frankenstein screenplay of his own perverse devising—a Gothic nightmare almost as scintillating as the poem "Pale Fire" within the novel of that name. The novel *Luminous Night* (a kind of inversion of Nabokov's title) is glossed by that screenplay, just as poor Kinbote's notes provide a commentary on the poem "Pale Fire."

Only when, in the wake of his wicked master, Lewis has ballasted his enterprise with a great deal of observed detail—the domesticity of heartbreak, identity sluiced down the Disposall of the family romance—will the American novelist allow himself moments of a kind that we should scarcely expect from this modest occasion: a college town between Richmond and Washington, a lascivious divorcée, her daughter and abulic son-in-law, their four children, a mildly suicidal drop-out, and a splendid bulldog as lascivious as the divorcée. Yet intervals of the gorgeous are the entire justice of Lewis' genius, a kind of meditation on pure personality, which move as far from the ordinary pieties of the class and circumstance under inspection as all M. Sollers' post-Stalinist structuralism: "as she lit another cigarette the inanimate forms of the room, their content, rested like resolved statuary in her mind. All that she saw, here at least —for she knew these things, these people—were aspects of perfected knowledge."

The rest is cruel and incredulous hilarity, the muddle of lives entirely inspissated by TV and frozen food. Lewis is cruel to everyone, especially to his Lebanese catalyst, for it is only when he has wrung the last drop of likelihood out of these dim consciousnesses ("It's remarkable," Goulu Sitlani considered, "what Americans will say when you pretend to misunderstand their idiom: the translation comes out so old-fashioned, sentimental almost") that his strange poetry can be released. What I mean by poetry, of course, is the best prose—the prose that reveals Levin on his way to propose to Kitty, that accounts for Isabel Archer's response to the Colosseum—the prose, that is, charged with life to the highest possible degree:

> Now there were only the imponderables about him, the dog of mythical purport, the glowing trees, the silver-laden grass, the blind moon, and the percussive insects. He stood up into it and walked. The mood was familiar within him as it was without, a balancing. The ice clinked distantly in the glass of diminishing bourbon as he walked a bit stooping toward the house which was dimmed in most of its eyes. The dog walked at his side, accustomed to the oddities that darkness was capable of producing, opening and shutting its eyes upon it.

Beyond consternation's carnival, as Emily Dickinson once called it, Lewis has produced an astonishing novel, a new voice, an assertion of happiness. □

Saturnalia

THE SHAPE OF UTOPIA: Studies in a Literary Genre. *By Robert C. Elliott. University of Chicago Press. 158 pp. $6.50.*

INTO THE UNKNOWN: The Evolution of Science Fiction from Francis Godwin to H. G. Wells. *By Robert M. Philmus. University of California Press. 174 pp. $6.95.*

ROBERT F. SAYRE

Mr. Sayre is working on a study of utopias and personality. He is a member of the Center for Modern Letters at the University of Iowa.

Little by little, scholars are beginning to dismantle the wall of despair, misunderstanding, fear, which intellectuals of the last generation built around Utopia. Of course, visionary utopians like Buckminster Fuller and Paul Goodman long ago leaped the wall (at the same time that Marcuse and Norman Brown were tunneling under it), but the longer, less spectacular process is just as important. If the mass of readers has not yet found the holes opened by critics like Mark Hillegas in his study of H. G. Wells and the anti-utopians, or Bruce Franklin in his anthology of 19th-century American science fiction, then wait; they eventually will.

For two things are happening, both having to do with literary conventions, and each of these two books is one kind of attack on the problem. The first, as illustrated by *The Shape of Utopia,* is that the structure of the utopian romance is finally being coldly examined—particularly its skeletal devices, like that of having naive travelers visit with their Intourist guides the palaces and dormitories, laboratories and department stores of the utopian state, where, whatever the size of the place, minds are always smug and rigid. It is really remarkable that the literary genre has been so little studied in this way, when the conventions of all the other arts have been minutely analyzed in this century, by artists and critics both. The depressing anti-utopias of Zamyatin, Huxley, Orwell and others depend on these ancient strategies. As we become more aware of the tendency of the devices themselves, no matter what their social contexts and political foundations, anti-utopias will cease to alarm us. If, as a result, we are a little less entranced by some of the straight utopians, that might be good too. For this gain in liberty (or saving of it) we will have a variety of people to thank, from Jonathan Swift to Northrop Frye and William Burroughs.

Robert Elliott's contributions to this process of generic understanding and review are often very suggestive. To begin with, he quietly parts company with most writers on Utopia by placing its origins not in the *Republic,* or any other work of Plato but in myths of the Golden Age as passed down in the Saturnalia. The Feast of Saturn, when slaves

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were ennobled, prisoners pardoned, and food, wine and fornication made freely available, briefly re-created the Golden Age, while mocking it and the present time together. Satire, which shows us how bad things are by hinting how good they were or might be, naturally has a utopian element, sometimes developed in oppositions of old and new or city and country, as in Horace. And More knew his Horace, Elliott tells us, and consequently his *Utopia* is to be read in this light.

Parts of this argument, like the point about the all-around satiric wit of More's *Utopia*—directed against England but also against Hythloday and the Utopians—are very convincing, but the rest seems a bit thin, even though interesting and worth keeping in mind. Utopias arise under differing circumstances and have differing intellectual sources so that Mr. Elliott's concentration on satire seems too exclusive.

However, if satire is one source of utopian writing, then we might expect the author to say more about the relations of the satire in modern anti-utopias to the satire in utopias generally. And if *corruptio optimi pessima* is, as he says, the recurrent "theme that shadows utopia," then our present-day malaise cannot be the unprecedented experience that many people hysterically insist it is. In his chapter on "Aesthetics of Utopia" he also confines himself to the utopian romance, instead of undertaking the general review his earlier material has prepared us for. The utopian romance, after all, is not the only way we perpetuate myths of the Golden Age or assemble our visions of better societies. But because he stays within this discredited genre—and still seems to want to end on some positive note—he is forced into praise of Skinner's *Walden Two* and Huxley's *Island* as "daring ventures, full against the dominant imagination of the twentieth century." The books might just as well be called tritely typical of two strains of the 20th-century imagination: behaviorism and escapism.

Intentionally or not, however, Elliott has indicated that today anyone can write a utopia. The rules of the genre are now monotonously stereotyped. Utopian romances, as toy kingdoms, with formal conventions to accommodate anyone's ideological hobbyhorses, are difficult only for the author who tries to keep them amusingly unserious. As Michael Holquist observed recently in *Yale French Studies* ("How to play Utopia") they are games.

Robert Philmus' book, on the other hand, demonstrates that not everyone can write science fiction. Less touched by decadence, science fiction's conventions are richer and less directive. Equally important, the reader comes to it prepared not to believe—to find a world of monsters and Martians and further exciting impossibilities—and so the author doesn't argue with him. Instead, he tells stories, and, in the stories Mr. Philmus studies, overcomes disbelief by ingenious uses of science, analogy and myth. And therefore, science fiction, with its revival of fooling and fabling, is a second means of attack on the walls of anti-utopia.

Into the Unknown also makes satire a primary source and instrument of the works discussed—a thesis which could owe something to the fact that the book was apparently once a doctoral dissertation directed by Robert C. Elliott! But so goes the pursuit of knowledge, and in this instance the student may be on a better track than his teacher. Works like Thomas Shadwell's *The Virtuoso* and Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* made science a subject of fiction and fantasy in order to ridicule it. The use of societies on the moon and the other planets, as in Voltaire's *Micromegas* and Francis Godwin's *The Man in the Moone*, was a device of satire and Utopia long before there was "science fiction." However, Philmus' more important point is that the writer of science fiction begins his assault on the reader's complacency by the "extrapolation" of scientific methods and discoveries, and this holds in satire and non-satire, and whatever the author's attitudes toward science. Since experimental science once seemed to have such peculiar notions of knowledge and such overly exact ways of specifying its limits, it was ripe to become a fictional means of making readers go beyond knowledge and believe the unbelievable.

Related to proposing things in a scientific manner or as extensions of science is the art of analogy, which can beguile the reader in all kinds of ways. This leads, with the help of 18th-century telescopes and microscopes, to Voltaire's speculations on the limits of analogical reasoning itself. If we Earthlings say there can be no life on Saturn because of *this*, science fiction can still invent a Saturnian who very realistically says there can be no life on Earth because of *that*. At a further remove, or "displacement," as Philmus calls it, echoing Freud, analogy leads to myth. The scientist plunging beyond the limits of science is Faust. The greatest achievement of science turns out to be its irrational and unscientific opposite: Frankenstein creates his monster, Dr. Jekyll creates Mr. Hyde, Wells's Invisible Man creates his own invisibility. And all these

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stories, as Philmus says in discussing Wells's use of the myth of invisibility, are "paradigmatic: [they] raise the question of why a man with certain powers should not traduce conventional moral standards." Similarly paradigmatic are the contemporary stories of robots, in which the robot, or reasoning slave of the system, cannot "judge its master without destroying itself."

The major fault in Philmus' book is his excessive systematizing of this process. It is evolutionary only from hindsight, and yet he is sometimes so energetic in his attempts to make it appear essentially so, that all other possibilities are subordinated to it. His research into unknown works is commendable, but the works themselves don't always come through very well, for they are analyzed without being fully presented. This makes the book pretty heavy going despite its brevity and the intrinsic interest of its material. The delight of science fiction, its fun and its metaphysical ironies, is not made evident, and that, after all, is the quality that is effective in holding the reader. Science fiction may not hold out great utopian hopes to us—Plato and More didn't either, so far as I understand them—but like the old utopias it delights and instructs, and in that there *is* hope. Perhaps the trouble with the satiric school of Mr. Elliott is that it is too much under the melancholy spell of old Saturn. Utopia as a voyage to Saturn isn't very attractive.

Still, it is astonishing to learn that the melancholy Saturnians have a Utopia. It must be here. □

Film Critics

THE MOVIES AS MEDIUM. *By Lewis Jacobs. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 335 pp. $8.95. Paper $3.65.*

CONFESSIONS OF A CULTIST: On the Cinema, 1955/1969. *By Andrew Sarris. Simon & Schuster. 480 pp. $8.95.*

BURTON BENDOW
Mr. Bendow is the author of a forthcoming book on the postwar Italian cinema, The Revolution Stops for Orangeade *(Grosset & Dunlap).*

When the infant cinema first learned to walk and then to talk—learned by clumsily imitating his big brothers, the literary arts—he was often scolded in this vein: If Baby was ever to achieve the success of his elders, he had to be himself. He had to eschew the devices of the novel and the play (plot, dialogue, character) and practice the cunning little tricks that were peculiarly his own (close-ups, back lighting, cross cutting). Only so would he be truly cinematic. This doctrine, while it may have been of some use in those elementary school days, has since been universally discarded.

Lewis Jacobs thinks it worth saving, however. He cannot write a book about it, for there is not enough in it to sustain a book. Instead, he compiles a small anthology of other men's essays, all bearing in some way on the one superannuated idea. And, in the hope of bringing it up to date, he chooses writers of the last three decades, or those who are warranted for all time, rather than the ones who originated the idea in the twenties and thirties.

In those earlier decades there was sometimes a point in telling the naughty cinema what it ought to be. Militants of the *avant-garde* were proposing an aesthetic ideal: a film ought to announce itself as a work of art and bear all the marks of the artist's struggle with his raw material or, in the current phrase, his medium. Hence their preoccupation with technique. The later writers collected here are more rarely inspired to fling down manifestoes. They do not preach what ought to be; they define what is, or try to. Yet they persist in regarding the movies as a thin, unformed being, a medium, whose technical feats are adorable. They discuss particular films, by preference the latest and greatest, only as illustrations of some general theory about the nature of the medium. They also deal in perceptual categories, at once crudely simple and impossibly abstract—Image, Motion, Time and Space, to mention a few used here as chapter headings. But it all boils down to close-ups, back lighting, and cross cutting; because, when stripped of all artistic purpose, that is what the medium is.

Though some of the writers in this collection are great spirits, their contributions are mostly restricted to simple technical advice. Carl Dreyer speaks, but only to the effect that painters should be hired as consultants when shooting in color. Jacobs' own comments at the beginning of each chapter are the least interesting of all, for the pretentious language only serves to emphasize the poverty of his one Gradgrind idea. Baby's future, as he envisions it, is a career in industrial engineering.

Andrew Sarris has the advantage of being younger. To him the cinema is not an abstract possibility but all the films he has ever seen. His book, too, is a collection, an assortment of his own reviews mostly dating from the sixties and informed by a later notion—the well-known *auteur* theory. Disillusioned Parisians, yearning for the ardent simplicities of the prewar era, found something to admire in the most banal productions of the thirties. The *auteur* might be forced to work as a Hollywood hack, but he would reveal his soul in some gesture, some directorial flourish, that was authentic. Sarris does not realize that this idea too has served as an aesthetic manifesto, justifying the nostalgia for the past and the pastiches of old-time movies so common in the films of the *nouvelle vague*. He holds it, loosely and with reservations, as a principle of criticism; for it reinforces his enthusiasm for everything on the screen.

Always an addict and later a reviewer, he has sat through every reel ever shot, from the oldest curios in the museum archives to the newest commodities at the first-run houses. There is nothing he has not seen. And he seems to have spent the rest of his time devouring the literature of the subject. His writing is stuffed with allusions to films and directors other than the ones in question, and with other kernels of erudition, much of it relevant and welcome. There is nothing he does not know—about the movies.

But he never quite gets out of the movie house. He seems to stand perpetually in the lobby, still possessed by the events witnessed in the darkness and stale air, and never quite able to relate them to the sunlight, the bustle in the streets, the business of life. He gets no help from his reading. Though he does his homework, reads the book, he appears insensible to the prodigies that have been accomplished with words. Macbeth never suggests to him that the trite Hitchcock thriller he is reviewing cannot raise a shudder. Fagin does not sharpen his eye for the strange tics of human character, so that when the *émigré* Hitchcock has to replace his English eccentrics with bland Hollywood mannequins, Sarris cannot see the difference. Hitchcock ranks with Shakespeare and Dickens. After all, Truffaut admires Hitchcock.

Mr. Sarris is knowing enough about the political headlines. Yet Rossellini, well known to him as a chauvinist Catholic, can apply an acetylene torch to a man's chest for five minutes (the hero of *Open City*) and torture a heroine for an hour with obscene sexual images (Ingrid Bergman in *The Strangers*) and incur no blame; for he is an *auteur* expressing his own "truth" in his own way. Sarris has no inkling that Rossellini's cruelty, besides being a trait of character and a tool of melodrama, may be inherent in his convictions. He is not even offended by it, his nerves having been blunted by too many gladiatorial games. The subtle realism of the humane and

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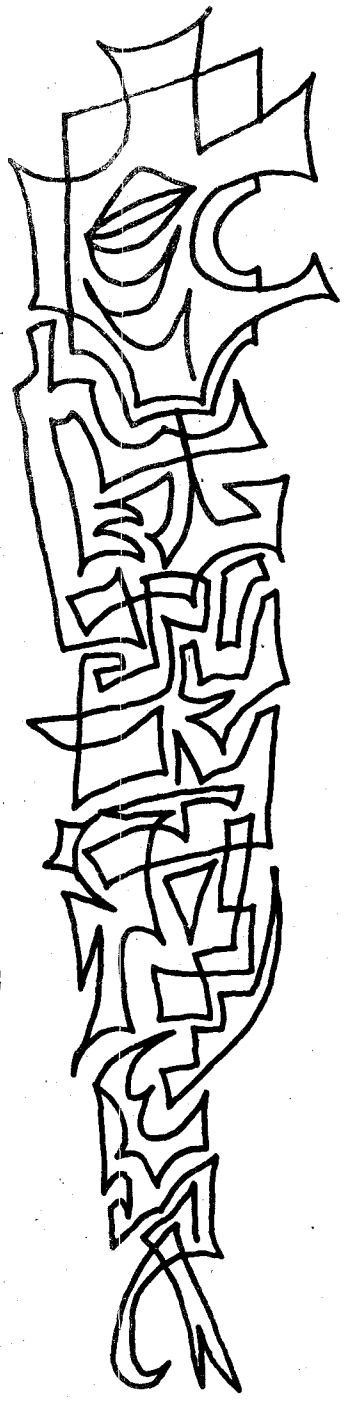

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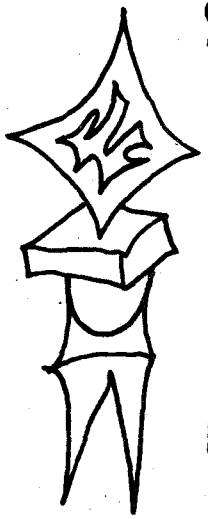

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STUDENTS AGAINST TYRANNY

The Resistance of the White Rose, Munich, 1942-1943

By INGE SCHOLL

Translated by ARTHUR R. SCHULTZ

Students Against Tyranny is the story of the White Rose, a small resistance group of students who spoke out fearlessly against the Nazis during the dark days in Germany in 1942 and 1943, though their daring, doomed movement ended in death for them all.

In this deeply moving memoir, first published in 1947, Inge Scholl, the younger sister of two of the students, records the history of these quietly heroic young Germans. For this first American edition the author has newly revised and expanded the text, appending in addition to *The Leaflets of the White Rose* the other major documents concerned and a concluding chapter on her own thoughts now twenty-seven years later. Inge Scholl's book is a poignant but inspiring record of part of the history of the civil resistance against the Nazis and a witness to that compelling generosity and idealism that are ever part of the spirit of youth everywhere.

160 pp., illustrations, appendices.
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anti-clerical De Sica (*The Bicycle Thief*) he finds boring.

Wiser about the current revolution in sexual mores, he distinguishes the one thing of interest in the otherwise insufferable *Chelsea Girls*, the very realistic vignettes of lives that are normally unrecorded on film. He rightly condemns *Tom Jones* for its archness and nastiness, but fails to add that these traits are common to all English black comedies and reflect the still vicious struggle against a native puritanism. He goes astray with *The Graduate*, slighting the hero's comic mismating with the heroine's mother, and praising the blow struck for freedom by the young couple, "the cruel beauty of this love story." This beauty—a matter of pastels, camera movements, and a Simon & Garfunkel score, which he mistakes for the hallmark of an *auteur*—is packaging for the youth market.

A critic only by fits and starts, Sarris seems to do better when he shakes free of his love affair with the cinema. At other times his search for the *auteur*'s signature is of a piece with Jacobs' investigation of technique. Both men, when groping after some esoteric perfection that has no existence outside their ideologies, are on fools' errands. And often on the same errand, since an *auteur*'s virtues often prove to be mere technical virtuosity. Both are apt to ignore what stares them in the face—what a film means, where it leads, how it stirs the poor in spirit who line up at the box office in eternal hope. □

Irish Ghosts

FERGUS. *By Brian Moore. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 288 pp. $5.95.*

RICHARD B. SALE

Mr. Sale is in the English Department at North Texas State University. He is at work on a study of Brian Moore's fiction for the Twayne World Authors Series.

During the day and night of the story, the title character in Brian Moore's new novel, the writer Fergus Patrick Fadden, experiences hallucinations that force him to question himself and his unreal visitors from the past and from the grave about existence, the afterlife, and the Meaning of Things.

Such a description of the plot suggests an oversimple story, and there are a number of other apparent faults as well. The story *is* slight, in length and in scope. The characters are simple-minded, flat, and, with almost no exception, unsympathetically drawn. The questions Fergus poses throughout the book—questions about his aging, the appropriateness of his taking a mistress younger than he by almost twenty years, the possible validity of his long-rejected Catholic faith—all seem embarrassingly naive. Hardly enough, one would imagine, to fill out the rounded fictional world one expects to find in a Moore novel.

Yet there is relief from these disappointments. In *Fergus* the world of Southern California is portrayed as one of sterility and compromise, of synthetic fabric and formica apartments, of coordinated furnishings itemized with malicious detail, of play-up and sell-out to the gross movers of the motion picture industry. This "real" world, the picture of which is certainly no new revelation, is juxtaposed with the impossible and untenable world of Catholic Ireland at the time of Fergus' boyhood. (Yes, Moore has returned again to Ireland, this time in the form of his protagonist's desperate phantasms.)

The contrast of Irish piety and California sleaziness is pointed up throughout the story. One of the ghosts, Father Maurice Kinneally, M.A., Doctor of Divinity, materializing in Fergus' kitchen, ends his admonishment of Fergus:

> You, sir, I'll tell you what you are, you are a moral cesspool. If we split you open with a knife, the stench of your soul would stink in putrefaction from here to Cork!

What becomes apparent as the story continues is that there is no possible way to guess the distance between Los Angeles and Cork; there are no connecting roads, not even memory. Two worlds: one, to judge from the more grotesque examples of priests and schoolmasters transferred directly from Moore's Belfast via *The Feast of Lupercal*, well interred; the other, a full-grown mutant, as alive as the glitter on a giant fly. Well before the novel is ended, Fergus has rejected the bait of the new world, refusing to alter the script he is writing, and losing his contract as a consequence.

The story is told so directly (cleanness and honesty of presentation have always been Moore's strongest qualities) that the reader is slow to realize that the California world is as hallucinatory as the memory of pious Ireland of the thirties. It is his growing awareness (and there is no doubt that Moore planned for it) that invigorates the plot, turning flaw into merit, and naïveté into something considerably more subtle.

In his previous six novels, Moore has never avoided the silliness, selfishness and sexuality that constitute most people's waking and dreaming thoughts. In *Fergus* he shows again that he can extend

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the embarrassing scene beyond the point where the ordinary naturalistic novelist would lower the curtain. One example is the passage in which Fergus consummates a recurring adolescent erotic fantasy with the ghost of Mrs. Findatty, a pretty friend of his mother.

Because it does not carry the tragic weight of his other novels, *Fergus* is probably the most humorous novel Moore has written. The picture of the mistress' mother, Dusty Sinclair, a middle-aged woman still trying to be a success as an actress, and her conversation with Fergus while he is also talking with one of his ghostly visitors, show Moore's comic talents at their sharpest. Moore uses multiple-level conversation several times in the novel, and it always works.

Many of the seeming weaknesses of the novel, then, have been metamorphosed into effective ironies and reversals. But one serious problem remains. Fergus is promised an important revelation. The hallucinations leave at dawn, and the best the visions can do is show that memory is time's fool: Fergus is subjected to a beating by a mob of ghostly Irish ruffians because he can't remember a woman friend of several years before. And as for the answers to Fergus' pressing questions of faith, his father's final words are:

> "But we're not talking about me, Fergus, we're talking about you. Faith and belief, yes, I had those things in my life. We're talking about you!"
>
> He stared at Fergus. "Don't you see? If you have not found a meaning, then your life is meaningless."

That is all. The hallucinations give Fergus no release; it is he that must release them, and he does with a benevolent goodby wave. The implication is that they are gone for good, but there is neither a clear resolution nor any admission by Fergus that he is cheated and trapped.

But Moore is still telling a simple story as directly and honestly as possible, with the complexities going into the planning rather than into convolutions of style. The result is seamless cloth of real rather than synthetic fiber. The texture is not as intricate or the colors as rich as in his previous work. The major benefit of such slightness is heightened humor; the loss is in the reader's feeling that the psychological ragged edges might have been trimmed a bit. □

FILM FESTIVAL II

HAROLD CLURMAN

Take heart, fellow Americans, discouraged by the state of the nation: things are bad all over. The testimony offered by most of the pictures shown at New York's film festival from September 10 to 20 bears witness to sorry conditions in Great Britain, France, West Germany, Sweden, Italy, Spain and Brazil.

In *Street Scenes 1970*, a documentary filmed as a project of New York Cinetracts Collective, one watches the hardhats brutally beating up student anti-war demonstrators; what is almost as bad, one must suffer the ignorance and stupidity of nearly all the persons involved. The mindlessness of the bystanders' comments is not only as disheartening as the violence is frightening; it is also evident that one leads to the other. The disarray of our society is not to be read first of all in such major phenomena as war, strikes, riots, but in the habits of thought, the casual behavior of average citizens within the framework of normal law and order. Observing the litter of the streets, viewing the TV commercials, scanning the ads everywhere, we become aware of the reasons for the more striking disorders that make headlines.

The films now coming from the Hollywood studios—*Getting Straight, Diary of a Mad Housewife* and the like—and often hailed by reviewers as tremendously important, reveal how much slackness of judgment, sloppiness of feeling and fundamental conventionality is to be found in both the makers and publicists of these films.

Take Bob Rafelson's *Five Easy Pieces*, the only American picture, apart from the above mentioned documentary, shown at the festival. It is certainly superior to most of the local high-cost products. It is well photographed (excellence in camera work is becoming the rule rather than the exception), its acting and direction are also of good quality. Karen Black, Lois Smith, Helena Kallianiotes are outstanding in a well-chosen cast. But at the heart of the matter there is a fatal flaw.

The picture presents one Robert Eroica Dupea, seen first as a construction worker. We later learn that he was once a pianist, a member of a family devoted entirely to music. He gave up the piano and practically everything else except boozing and promiscuous fornication. In a word, he is totally disaffected. Such types have already become commonplace in novels, plays, pictures. They do of course exist. The trouble in *Five Easy*

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Pieces is that one is supposed to take for granted that (*a*) our society must perforce produce such types (they are a new sort of "elite"); and (*b*) that they are worthy of special sympathy, that they are interesting and somehow endearing.

Dupea (adequately played by Jack Nicholson who was more effective in *Easy Rider*) weeps as he kneels before his paralyzed father and confesses contrition for not having become the sort of person the old man must have hoped for. The viewer is expected to be touched, but it is difficult to feel compassion for the erring son: his relation to women is coarse; he is basically impervious to the general environment, against which his unruliness is supposed to represent an oblique protest. Irresponsibility is not a winning trait. Yes, he tries to defend his buddy who is being arrested for theft; he leaves his wallet with his girl friend before he abandons her (is she or is she not pregnant by him, as momentarily suggested?). But all this is patchwork, intended to complete a studio pattern; it does not create a central character who arouses the sense of personal concordance one can experience with the minor figures of, let us say, Ray's *Days and Nights in the Forest* or Truffaut's *Wild Child*.

To the picture's credit there are such entertaining sequences as Dupea's attempt to get two pieces of toast with his meal at a roadside eating place, an even funnier episode in which a Lesbian tramp goes on and on about the prevalence of filth everywhere so bad she "doesn't even want to talk about it." These and other such bits make the film of more than passable grade.

No poll was taken at the festival, but I guess that Claude Chabrol's *The Butcher* was the film most admired. To some extent I shared that opinion. It is well acted, directed, photographed. There is nothing flagrantly false about it. Chabrol has said that in shooting the film he fell in love with his countrymen and the terrain of the Périgord (southerly central France) and there are some attractive views of the place. But that is only indirectly the subject of the picture.

It is about a butcher who was in the army for fifteen years and who has since savagely murdered one innocent woman after another. The theme which first emerged to me from this is the disclosure of how and why even such peaceful, almost idyllic vicinities as the Périgord may still bring forth hideous crime. However, it has been suggested to me—and I am willing to accept the correction—that the true theme of the story is love. A woman teacher, because of some unrevealed previous disappointment in love befriends the butcher, and through her affection and protection brings about a consciousness of sin in the man. Even after she has discovered his guilt, she does not denounce him to the police. He kills himself. We are to conclude therefore that even so distorted a personality can be affected by the forbearance and tenderness of a pure person.

While I can concur in the bare statement of this thesis, I find it difficult in the case of the butcher to credit the premises of the characterization as given. It struck me, as does so much else in the more earnest recent films, as ready-made or prefabricated psychology.

What fascinated me most in the entry from Brazil, *The Inheritors*, directed by Carlos Diegues, and in the Spanish *Garden of Delights* directed by Carlos Saura, is how film makers in fascistically repressive countries still manage to produce films critical of their regimes.

I know comparatively little of Brazil's political history; *The Inheritors* tells it as a long record of betrayal. Reformers always end by being converted to vile reaction. The country's fondest hopes are always being traduced to the accompaniment of resounding rhetoric and flamboyant display. The outside world and most of the citizens inside are forever being hypnotized by a show of South American festivity. The picture makes its point in sophisticated visual beauty. I cannot say whether the shrieks in the acting are part of the film's stylization or characteristic of Brazilian manners. In either case the vocal stridency contributes to the film's expressiveness.

The Garden of Delights, generally realistic as narrative, implies that Spain suffers from historical amnesia. All its attempts to awake to the realities of its condition and the brief promise of its republic remain unfulfilled: it is a catatonic body incapable at present—and for heaven knows how long—of progress. The photography here too is resplendent, the acting vivid, and the direction knowing.

Neither Lasse Forsberg's *Mistreatment* nor Kjell Grede's *Harry Munter* from Sweden are satisfying films. They aspire to worthy content (although *Mistreatment* is unclear even in this respect), but they are indecisive in construction.

Mistreatment is about the derangement of mind among radicals. The left-wing Socialist is something of an intellectual slob whose radicalism is much more verbal than real. The anarchist (whether there is anything substantial in his ideological attitudes cannot be ascertained) is obstreperously skeptical of all the instruments of order—psychiatric investigation, sanatoriums and the gentlest of police. The man at the center of the film is treated as if he were meant to symbolize all the inner disquiet of our time, somewhat in the vein of certain characters in such films as *Easy Rider* and *Alice's Restaurant*.

The film ends by showing the mistreatment he is subjected to in a state hospital. He is reduced to enforced idleness and the bootless pastimes (chess, solitaire, etc.) which are offered to compensate for the patient's inactivity. Being of presumably alert mind, he goes berserk and is last seen in a straitjacket. But it is hardly possible to regard him as anything but a nut, no matter how much one may agree that the civilizations of our day are overwhelmingly soulless.

The name figure of *Harry Munter* is an egocentric youth of Christ-like propensities. He believes that to help remedy the world's unfortunates he must first prove his own selfless or gratuitous courage and then tend to the sufferings of the ordinary folk in his neighborhood and family. He learns that in the very nature of things there is a certain degree of irremediable evil.

There is something spurious in Bernardo Bertolucci's talent. That he has talent there can be no doubt; that he makes films which look beautiful and deal with serious subjects is also true. In both *The Spider's Stratagem*, based on a short story by Borges, and *The Conformist*, an adaptation of a novel by Moravia—Bertolucci was the only director at the festival represented by two

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films—he is obsessed by the moral miasma of endemic Italian fascism.

The less subtle of the two films, *The Conformist*, is the more successfully achieved. It is about a man who as a boy of perhaps 10 was "taken in" by a homosexual whom he killed. The event has so marked him that in later years it has turned him against all deviations from the normal. Therefore under Mussolini he enlists as a spy whose assigned task is to murder an anti-Fascist leader in Paris. He has qualms about this (he is not a louse at heart), but, so the lesson reads, conformism leads to the most despicable deeds. I have not read Moravia's novel, but as the story is related in the picture I find its proposition unacceptable. There are in the telling, besides much unsavory "sexy" behavior, so many gaps of credibility in the moment-by-moment action as to induce strange suspicions—for example, as to commercially motivated sensationalism and an ambiguously proposed Fascist apology.

I find such suspicion confirmed in the more tricky and filmically arty *Spider's Stratagem*, in which anti-Fascists, to preserve the reputation of a traitor among them, contrive to make his public image that of a martyr in the democratic cause. Italians, we are to infer, cannot live without heroic symbols, monumentally theatrical emblems of grandeur.

Amid all the technical, sociological and cinematic sophistry of the festival —including, I am sorry to say, Alain Resnais' pretentious *Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime*—the simple declaration of Tony Garnett's *Kes* came as a relief.

The only element in *Kes* which is not "simple" is its Yorkshire dialect, most of which I couldn't decipher. But that hardly matters: the picture itself is as clear and fresh as spring water: It is about the inextinguishable impulse to health that resides within most of us.

Without didacticism, with sober, unsadistic confrontation of the harshness within its milieu, with, thank goodness, spontaneous humor, *Kes* is the story of a 10-year-old boy who saves himself from the misery of his surroundings in a mining town by catching a wild falcon (called a sparrow hawk in America and in Europe a kestrel), training it and making a playmate of it. The kestrel is finally killed by the boy's spiteful brother, but the time spent with the bird is the hero's window to the world. Within the limits of this bare story we get to see a bit of rural England, its cold-hearted schools, its tough villagers, its peculiar discipline, its hard-working, muddled but rarely vicious folk. The picture's manner is less classically and rationally pure than Truffaut's *Wild Child*, but of perhaps wider compass. □

MUSIC / David Hamilton

Two of the smaller stage works of Igor Stravinsky, *Renard* and *L'Histoire du Soldat*, have never found a well-defined place in the repertory of our rather rigidly stratified institutions of musical theatre. Described as "a burlesque story about the fox, the cock, the cat and the goat, to be sung and played on the stage," *Renard* is not an opera but rather a cantata with pantomimed stage action. Its instrumentation, including the Hungarian cimbalom, and its use of a vocal quartet put it beyond the usual resources of a ballet company, while the mimic demands far exceed the capabilities of the average opera company's ballet wing. Similarly, *L'Histoire* calls for acting, dancing and speaking. Because of their disregard for the conventional stratifications, these works are rarely performed in their original stage form—although *L'Histoire*, in particular, was conceived on a purposefully impoverished scale in order to facilitate performance.

On September 22 at the Hunter College Playhouse, the Claude Kipnis Mime Theatre offered a double bill that managed to convey many of the special qualities of *Renard* and *L'Histoire*. The use of recorded music was certainly a drawback, especially since the theatre's sound system is—to put the case mildly —inadequate. But granting this, and certain deficiencies of precision and grace among the smaller roles, it was nevertheless clear that Kipnis is not only an extremely gifted mime (he took the roles of Renard and the Devil) but a director remarkably sensitive to the interaction of visual and musical elements. The coordination between density of activity and musical texture in *Renard* was particularly notable, save for one serious lapse, where a brief pause in the music was grossly overextended to make room for an elaborate pantomime episode—quite ingenious on its own terms, but grossly destructive of the overall continuity. The challenges of *L'Histoire*

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were equally well met, with a fine sense of timing, especially in the "Three Dances" episode, where the transition from waltz to ragtime was perfectly meshed with Stravinsky's score. The sets by Dina Kipnis—a jungle-gym barnyard for *Renard* and a series of simple but witty drops for *L'Histoire*—were a strong contribution, as was the work of Doug Day (as the Cock and the Soldier). Several years ago, Kipnis assisted Sarah Caldwell in her resourceful presentation of Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron* with the Boston Opera Company; it is clear that, even working with the most limited materials and unconventional problems, he is a director of unusual sensitivity.

One place where such sensitivity might—under ideal conditions—be put to good use was suggested by two visits to the Metropolitan Opera, for the opening night revival of Verdi's *Ernani* (heard on September 19) and the new production of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* (September 25). The performances shared a remarkable disrespect for the values of the original works, and it occurred to me that were equivalent treatment meted out to painting and sculpture by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, it would be a front-page scandal.

There are, of course, precedents for maltreating the Gluck opera, stemming mostly from Berlioz, who took the composer's 1774 Paris version (with a tenor Orfeo) and restored the Orfeo role to the original (1762) alto keys in order to accommodate Pauline Viardot, an admired singer of the time, who sang the male lead. (Gluck had written it originally for the celebrated castrato, Guadagni.) However, Berlioz was scrupulous in respecting the opera's structural integrity and he can hardly have imagined that his version would eventually be back-translated into Italian, when it had to be shoehorned to fit recitatives carefully composed for French declamation. Nor could he have suspected that this bastardized result would all but drive from the stage both of Gluck's originals—particularly the fine Paris version with tenor, a perfectly practicable work offering far more dramatic sense and musical logic than the now "traditional" pastiche.

By some sad irony, it is probably only Berlioz, the music critic, who could have found adequate epithets to describe what director Milko Sparemblek and conductor Richard Bonynge have done to the remains of Gluck's masterpiece. Even ignoring the fact that the Met has on its roster a tenor (Nicolai Gedda) who has successfully performed the 1774 version; even taking for granted the "traditional" musical text, this performance demonstrated a total indifference to structure and significance. Most obviously misconceived was the redistribution of intermissions, which tore apart the perfectly balanced second act, with its careful contrast between the gates of Hades and the Elysian Fields. Moreover, alterations performed on the Elysian Fields scene upset its tonal balance (a ballet movement in B-flat was moved from its clearly subsidiary position within an F-major framework to serve as an unnecessary prelude to the scene, and the D-minor of the celebrated flute solo was left hanging, instead of being rounded off with a repetition of the opening F-major movement).

This sort of large-scale disrespect was matched in matters of detail, for Bonynge's alleged expertise about matters of 18th-century musical style does not apparently extend to such more universal matters as correctly judged tempos, well-shaped phrases, or reasonable orchestral balances. Perhaps Toscanini, Furtwängler and Monteux knew less about ornaments and appoggiaturas; but right or wrong, they achieved effects of repose, shape and articulation that gave this music real stature. The uninflected reading offered by Bonynge—further marred by erratic intonation and unblended orchestral sound—succeeded only in trivializing the opera.

Still more obvious, even to the untrained eye, was the absence on the visual side of a point of view, of a belief in the opera's integrity and viability. Rolf Gérard's set ran from an impressive, realistic presentation of the gates of Hell to total abstraction (bands of gold ropes) for the Elysian Fields, and Sparemblek passed nonchalantly from Dalcrozean calisthenics to campy pseudo-classicism, achieving like irrevelance to the music, no matter what style he was advocating at a given moment. (Only the principals and the ballet appeared on stage, the chorus being restricted to the orchestra pit. Perhaps because this made the use of scores practicable, the level of choral singing was somewhat higher than usual at the Met, although I suspect that economy—the saving on all those costumes—rather than musical quality was the motivation.) It remains to be said that Grace Bumbry sang with accuracy and a certain conviction as Orfeo, and that none of the three sopranos in the supporting parts managed to sing in tune with any consistency whatsoever.

For *Ernani*, a relatively early Verdi work which nevertheless contains some finely conceived examples of musico-dramatic timing, the Met did at least manage to assemble an array of splendid vocalists: Martina Arroyo, Carlo Bergonzi and Ruggero Raimondi sang their music as well as it has been sung in years; and Sherrill Milnes, although deficient in dynamic variety, certainly owns the most impressive baritone voice to be heard in this repertory today. But once again, the lack of any real commitment to the opera Verdi wrote was fatal. Instead, the audience heard a shredded hodgepodge, the result of expediency, misunderstanding and sheer carelessness.

Omitting choral parts at the climaxes of arias may save rehearsal time, but it also converts dramatic occasions into concert situations. Trimming arias (as with the bass cabaletta in the first act) might be expected to "speed up the action," but the result becomes instead so fragmentary that it fails to carry its own weight and thus seems, perversely, too long. And an interior set that contains a meaningless flight of stairs leading nowhere, becomes simply an obstacle course for singers somewhat deficient in grace and mobility even when they are on solid, flat ground. The museum analogy may be overworked by now (though nobody is as fond of it as the Met's management when trying to justify its indifference to contemporary music), but what would one say about a museum where the pictures were trimmed to fit the spaces on the walls? □

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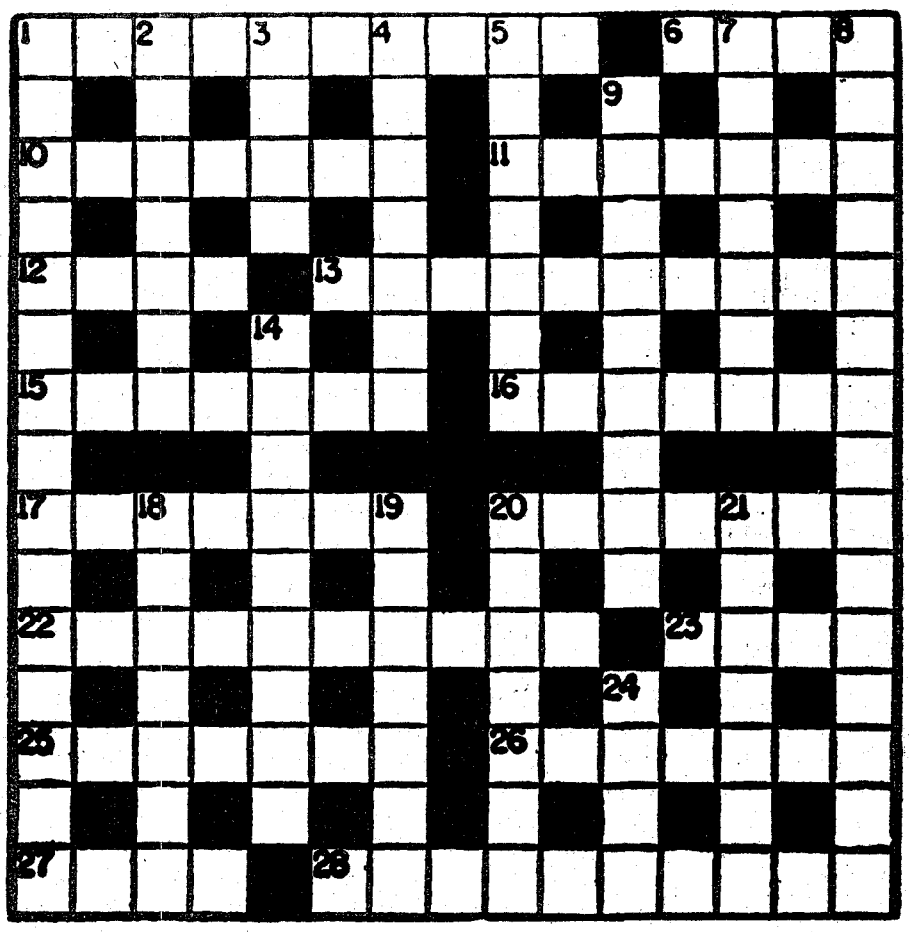

ACROSS

1 Made up as a hotel bed at a fixed price, usually. (5,1'4)
6 Yard box. (4)
10 A sort of poem about the rent? Quite the opposite, proving rather wearing. (7)
11 A game beginning, but the job evidently isn't taken. (7)
12 Without the wood, you chew with a painful expression. (4)
13 How one might improve himself fits the more exceptional people to a T. (10)
15 Possibly heeding what Dobbin did? (7)
16 Not quite the hayseed Trygvasson, with a case of the measles. (7)
17 Players sometimes argue this way if it's close at the plate, and swarm around the place. (7)
20 A bass might be, with some bands. (7)
22 If you write an unacceptable letter, something will be. (10)
23 Uninteresting, but a free get-together. (4)
25 Cut up, and kick in the water. (7)
26 Many a paper might be representative of old.(7)
27 24 Would have to go to Buffalo for him, or perhaps another city. (4)
28 Bad as blots are, some old-time observers found them useful. (10)

DOWN

1 MU written thus in Latin might describe it on stage and screen. (3,5,2,5)
2 Is it divided in the trunk, as no birch should really be? (7)
3 Time to get square? (4)
4 The untabled sort of 1 across had about enough for an irritable type. (7)
5 Entirely equine, or partially porcine? (7)
7 Early card game, or early book circle? (7)
8 Implies a high degree of dexterity, perhaps the quality of your best man. (5-10)
9 The uncomfortable feeling experienced by a b'ar hunter in trouble? (9)
14 The unpopular criminal might treat one well, on the whole. (9)
18 What little science there might be in the index, perhaps, is cut out. (7)
19 If someone does, you won't have a suit any longer. (3-4)
20 One might be in a gym suit, as well as a loose outergarment. (7)
21 You might think it rather impudent to rub the wrong way and upset one so. (7)
24 Note what might be enacted! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1362

ACROSS: 1 Bare-faced lie; 9 Pentathlon; 10 Etui; 11 Strophes; 12 and 13 Little Egypt; 15 Severity; 16 Birdlime; 19 Dewan; 21 Clewed; 22 Extensor; 24 Agar; 25 Attempters; 26 Preparedness. DOWN: 2 Anesthesiology; 3 Entropy; 4 Aitch; 5 Enlists; 6 Long-lived; 7 Elector; 8 Bulletin boards; 14 Third-rate; 17 Dewdrop; 18 Electra; 20 Winston; 23 Tempe.

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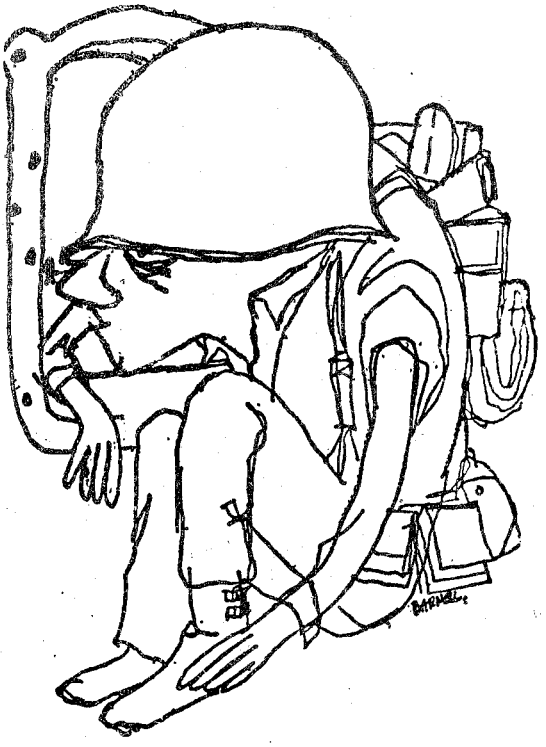

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